THE SPHERE

Vol. CLVI No. 2035 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC JANUARY 21 1939

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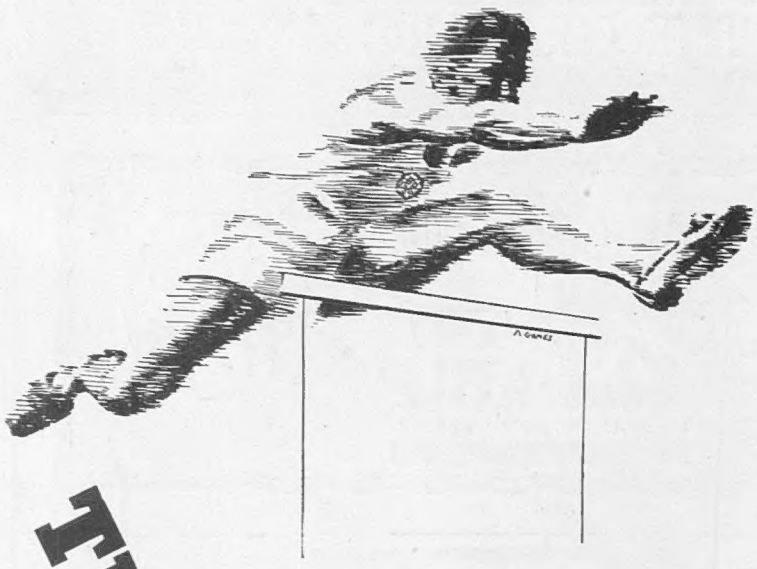

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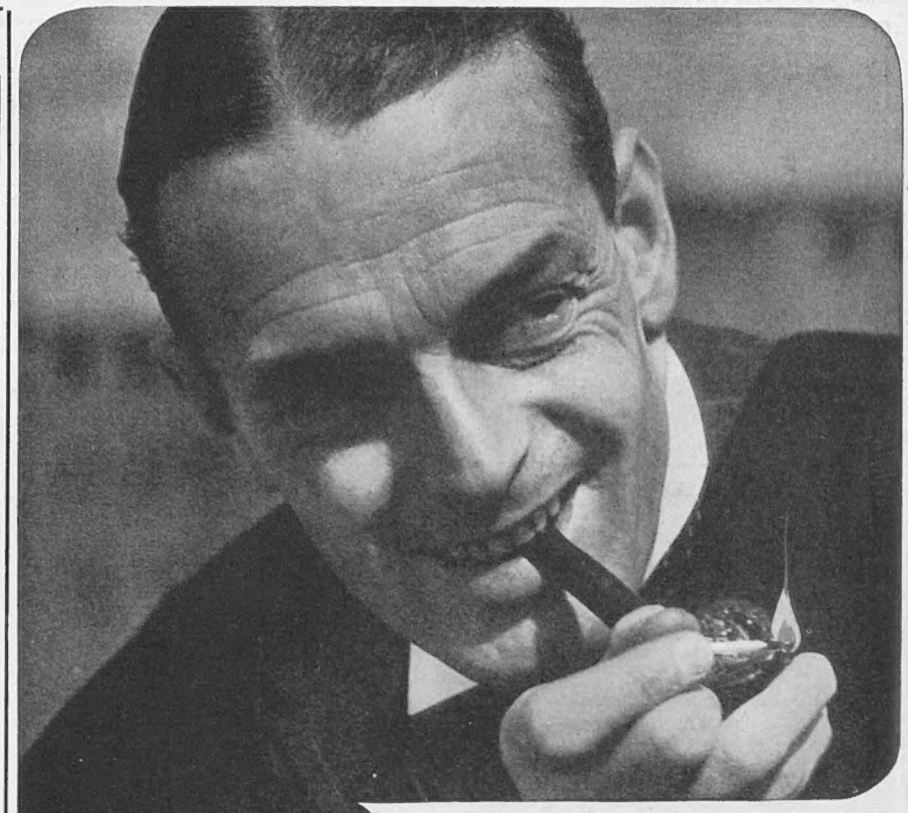

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THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, January 21, 1939

BULWARKS OF BRITAIN'S DEFENCE

Powerful 3·7-in. Anti-Aircraft Guns In Production At The Royal Ordnance Factory, Nottingham

War Secretary Hore-Belisha, so lately under fire from junior Ministers who complained of lack of results in his department, replied to his critics at Devonport on January 7, when, in addition to pointing out his work in the direction of army reform, he declared that the batteries of the 1st Anti-Aircraft Division defending London would within a month be complete to war strength as regards 3·7-in. guns. This statement partly mollified the critics, and it was a cause for further satisfaction when, on January 13, Mr. Hore-Belisha visited the Royal Ordnance Factory at Nottingham, the Press on that occasion having an opportunity of seeing a large number of 3·7's in production—a reassuring sight indeed. This factory is managed on the same lines as Woolwich Arsenal, with which it works in close co-operation, and it now employs 3,300 people. In order to increase and accelerate output the factory makes use of the services of many sub-contractors throughout the country, a quantity of the forgings, for instance, coming from Sheffield. The 3·7 is the most efficient weapon of its type yet produced, being able to fire twelve rounds a minute to a height well above the maximum altitude it is at present possible for bombers of any foreign power to attain when fully loaded. By comparison, the 4·5, for which no further orders are to be placed, is much slower in operation

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A LONDON NEWSLETTER

THE APPROVED DESIGN FOR THE KING GEORGE V NATIONAL MEMORIAL: A model of the monument which it has been decided to erect in Old Palace Yard, Westminster. The sculptor will be Sir Reid Dick, R.A., and Sir Giles Gilbert Scott is architect for the scheme. The Gothic setting is neighbourly, as the architectural phrase has it, to the rich detail of Henry VIII's chapel near which the memorial will stand. The cloaked figure of the King, who is shown in his Garter robes, has been conceived essentially in the official manner

32-34 ST. BRIDE STREET, E.C. 4
Wednesday, January 18, 1939.

THE MARCH ON ROME.

—The Rome visit for better or worse is over now. Many subjects were discussed, and it may be safely asserted that our representatives bargained with no counters which were not ours to bargain with. There are not many counters available for the diplomatic card party in any case. We know that after Munich Mr. Chamberlain realised the importance of personal contacts between the heads of the big four European states. He saw that a joke shared, a smile exchanged, a gesture of courtesy between Premiers and Dictators might accomplish in a moment what months of exchange of notes could not accomplish. He learned at Munich what such human contacts could do at the eleventh hour. It is never impossible that a civilisation may be wrecked by an alleged slight on one individual with a deficiency complex or a thin skin, and may be saved by a simple gesture of courtesy. It is on individuals and their weaknesses and strength on which our civilisation depends to-day. . . . It would have been folly if Mr. Chamberlain had not accepted the Duce's invitation to Rome. When Lord Cecil, the Duchess of Atholl, and 400 delegates of a conference under the International Peace Campaign marched to No. 10 to put before Mr. Chamberlain a resolution they had passed, on the eve of his visit to Rome, they seemed to me to be children playing blind man's buff in a world of make-believe. . . . What possible result could come from their resolution? It informed the Premier to make it clear to the Duce that friendship with Britain could not come while Italian intervention in Spain continued. If Mr. Chamberlain had it in mind to say as much, why march with banners? The "continued intervention" could not have been news to the Premier. And if, as is more likely from his recent handling of the subject, the Premier regarded the issue as too delicate in the present pass for so much plain speaking, what possible chance would an army with banners have of altering his agenda on the eve of departure, and causing him to abandon his carefully chosen positions? I do confess to constant amazement at the importance which quite able and experienced people still seem to attach to committees' resolutions, to deputations, to protests, and so forth. Even the solid weight of a big majority's clear opinion in a great democratic nation may take years to influence and impel (as it should) its government's policy. What hope, then, for a handful of men and women with banners of producing a change of policy in twenty-four hours? What's the conclusion? This, I think. It would make for confidence and clear thinking and appeasement if all men who can read would distinguish between the voices of the foreign press and the voices of the peoples and their chosen leaders. It is abundantly clear, whatever may be said of "semi-official" and "inspired" leader writers, that these voices are totally dissimilar. I believe both Hitler and Mussolini attach real value to the Munich pact whatever their hotheads in the press may say about it. It was abundantly clear from the beginning of the excitement over this famous visit that whatever good or ill might come of the exchange of views, the British statesmen would not attempt either to weaken the Axis or the Entente; and so far as I could see there was nothing much to bargain about and nothing much to bargain with. The Spanish tragedy remains a subject too delicate for any ultimatums. One spark struck in that powder magazine may still blow our civilisation sky-high, while I will eat my hat if Britain be not in profound agreement with France's resolute answer to the method of those Italian claims. The visit was first of all a wise gesture of friendship and personal contacts, followed by an exchange of views on present discontents and problems.

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF KENT SEE "THE MIKADO": Their Royal Highnesses arriving at the Leicester Square Theatre for the charity premiere of the first film ever to be made from a Gilbert and Sullivan light opera. A review of the production will be found on page 100 of this issue, while last week it was treated pictorially in "The Sphere" in three pages in colour

A GRAIN OF COMFORT.

—In these dark days there is one grain of comfort, if a tiny seed. There *is*, after all, one end to this insane piling up of armaments. A time must someday come when the winning nation in this Bedlamite race will have piled up more planes and guns than she has population capable of supplying fit crews to man them. It is cold comfort and a distant prospect, and yet this simple thought is not entirely devoid of logical optimism. Planes are more quickly and easily replaced than young men, and one of the most hideous reflections about war — which gives pause to all but madmen—is the certainty that the expectation of life of a member of a bomber or fighter plane crew in war is no more than a week. And perhaps this reflection has contributed with other straws to induce in my mind a less hopelessly pessimistic outlook. American initiative following American national realisation of the anachronism of her neutrality policy has brought a step nearer that league of sane nations as a bulwark against international piracy, and there is some evidence that the peoples of the totalitarian states have taken note of that and are becoming concerned about the solidifying of public opinion against piratical methods. There were hints of it during the Rome visit. A hint also in a recent Hitler speech.

EVACUATION.

—The public apprehension raised by the haphazard effort to arrange the evacuation of children during the October crisis was due to the hasty organisation of house-to-house canvassers who worked by a common yard-stick. The new scheme published by the Health Ministry appears at first sight to perpetuate the errors and to attempt the same absurdity under a new charter. But there are loopholes indicated. Some hint is given that householders will be individually consulted and allowed to state their difficulties, which are often real. The goodwill is there to-day as it was in October. Everyone who is not a crétin is only too anxious to play his or her part in A.R.P., despite the discouragements of muddle and divided authority. Sir Samuel Hoare made an infinite mess of this particular aspect of A.R.P. and in his apologia whitewashed his failure by gross injustice to the bulk of householders in the country areas when he quoted a few foolish letters from nit-wits anent "dirty slum babies." Everything depends now on the worth and tact and sense of the canvassers. Every householder must be treated individually and his special problems sympathetically examined. If his foreign servants,

himself and his wife are earmarked for repatriation and for war service away from home when war breaks out, it is mere moonshine to fill his available rooms with unattended children. If he has no water, he cannot supply the needs of refugees. He is willing in nine cases in ten but he cannot do the impossible. He must also be allowed to give preference to his own aged or infant relatives from the big cities, showing, of course, proof of the arrangements pre-made, and in a word he must, if there is to be any effectiveness-by-goodwill in the scheme, be allowed to suggest how most usefully he can employ his spare resources in the best interests of A.R.P. Heaven send the authorities may at last see the sense of this.

HANS ANDERSON.—There *is* ground for something like despair over the methods of democratic government in an urgent crisis, though results are often better than can be expected. An *Evening Standard* leader under this stolen caption on January 10 seemed to me justified. It would be better if Sir John Anderson did not talk at all. For it does to-day strike like a fairy tale on the ear—that assurance of his that his arrangements for the smooth working of evacuation are almost complete and that anything like a national register would be a useless waste of time. Here in the country we are no wiser about A.R.P. to-day than we were in September. When the *Evening Standard* asks: Is Sir John going to billet refugees on private households for the duration of the war if it come? Are the arrangements for training A.R.P. wardens to be confused on outbreak of war by the evacuation of many of his trained men? Here in this country, energetic retired colonels, spoiling for war work, are hard at it on these lines, training, in fire fighting and first aid, householders and wardens who have war jobs waiting for them in Army and Navy reserves when war comes. First-aid posts (a dozen to a small village) are being arranged at houses which in war will be bereft of all effective adult help by the absence on war work of the householders and their adult staffs, and the great muddle is more confounded than in October last. Four vital months have gone by and not a new trench has been dug, not a camp site marked out, not a hutment raised. There is some justification for criticism of fairy tales by Hans Anderson. The crisis will come quick and sudden, or it won't come. These wasted, vital months condemn the Government.

SCOTTISH ART.—I sometimes wonder to what extent familiarity affects the judgment of unskilled critics. In music I make no doubt that it is not till an unskilled hearer has heard a less instantly appealing masterpiece two or three times (on the wireless perhaps) that he begins freely and fully to appreciate its greatness. And so with pictures. "I have been warned" that I must begin to rank Ramsay higher than was the fashion a few years ago vis-à-vis Raeburn. I went first to the Ramsay room and after studying the high lights and splendour of his Mrs. McLeod and Mrs. Madan; his Queen Charlotte and his Agnes Kynnynmond, I felt there would be no difficulty in raising him to Raeburn's pinnacle. Then I came to the Raeburn room and truly it was like coming from darkness into June sunlight, though Mrs. McLeod looked far more dazzling than when I last saw her in her place at Dunvegan in Skye—To what extent was I influenced by familiarity? Mrs. Moncrieff is one of the commonest of all reproductions. Yet she deserves it; who can pass Sir J. Sinclair, Scott, Macdonell of Glengarry, Mrs. Gregory, without according to Raeburn the palm among British portrait painters—character painters, rather—on every count? Only three pictures by other hands I shall, after this first visit, refer to. Herdman's "Frances Dora, Lady Strathmore" interested me most as showing the strength of heredity in looks. Many of her grandchildren and great-grandchildren are as patently her descendants as if they were labelled. David Muirhead's "Portrait of a Lady" is a picture I could live with very gladly; and Guthrie's "Lady Hermione Stuart," in a very different manner, is the picture of a lovely child which, unlike most child pictures of the last thirty years, one would not tire of. How enchanting is this exhibition, how glorious and heartening the art of these painters!

THAT CHANNEL TUNNEL.—After Mr. Chamberlain's very stormy crossing to Paris, I made a joking prophecy that the Channel tunnel scheme would come up again in a few weeks' time. This prophecy ("exclusive" to THE SPHERE) is fulfilled. The dear old scheme has bobbed up again—from the French side. M. Marcel Boucher was not as a fact impelled by pity for the white face of Mr. Chamberlain but by the more than ever urgent strategic importance of the plan. Personally I never could understand the danger of the tunnel to our island integrity. I should have thought that a beginner among engineers could devise a fool-proof means of easily blocking the tunnel temporarily on either side. Certainly to-day we should feel less concern with Germany's increase in submarines if the tunnel were there and working. This Channel tunnel scheme is almost a joke; it is a hardy annual and has been for decades. In its 1930 comeback, a free vote on the pros and cons in our House of Commons showed the House almost equally divided despite the Committee of Imperial Defence pronouncing against it. I doubt if that body would regret the tunnel to-day if it were there; I doubt if the House would reject it solely on the strategic issue. The cost is the thing, and the uncertain effect on our vital commerce in peace time. Its cost has been put at ten, twenty, thirty millions and higher. Optimists have argued it would pay 6 per cent. on the outlay. It could not be built on private enterprise. Both England and France are committed to expenditure so vast that twenty more millions here and there is either a trifle or the last straw. And it would take years to build it. I fancy the old favourite will be bobbing up as usual in 1945.

THE NOBLEST ROMAN.—In Rome it has "become the fashion" to claim Napoleon as a fellow countryman. An enthusiastic Fascist, Sig. Tuccimei, proposes to erect a monument to him in a central Roman square. His great victories are attributed in Rome to the number and gallantry of Italians in his armies—all I suppose save one victory. The names of all Italians who fought under Napoleon will be engraved on the base of the statue. That should keep some Fascists innocently busy for some time to come. When Napoleon was born at Ajaccio in 1769 the island had been re-united with France for a twelvemonth. Italian it never was. Is this "bagging" of Napoleon another Axis move? Will it be followed shortly by a German claim to Shakespeare? There is some reason to fear so. Shakespeare is the obvious choice, the Germans always rather inclined to grant him German nationality, and his *Merchant of Venice* shows him very clearly to have been a good Nazi by his treatment of Shylock. Napoleon, anyhow, was a good dictator. The odd thing is that the mentality produced under dictatorship would not rule out the raising in all seriousness of statues to Napoleon and Shakespeare in Rome and Berlin, as citizens of those two countries. The totalitarian state brings out many great qualities but a sense of humour is not one of them. The Lambeth Walk may be banned in Germany as a Jewish enormity and as "bestial hopping." Well, there is good and bad in every form of government and in most men and things.

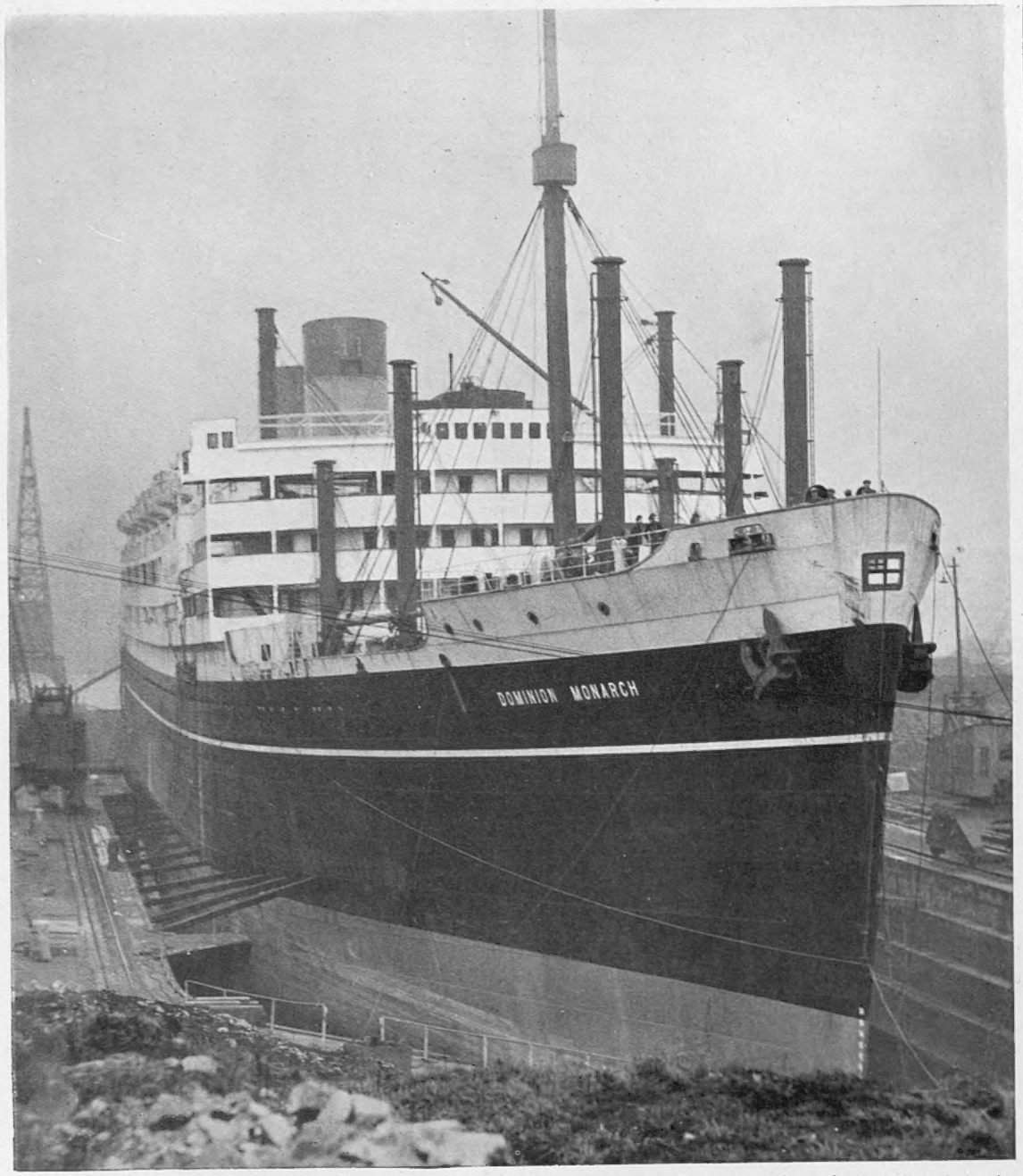
"THE FIRST HUNDRED THOUSAND."—Heaven knows there is room for many new movements to inspire the hearts of men. But I question, as Mr. Liddell Hart does, whether this is a very apt juncture for a new political party. The private meeting convened to explore avenues for the launching of a non-political movement to higher ideals in politics was suddenly turned under its chairman, young Mr. Sandys, into a very far from private meeting which did much more than explore avenues. It attempted to clear ground and erect a new political edifice. The optimists say that the first hundred thousand will quickly flock to Mr. Sandys's banner. If a young politician sincerely desires to serve his country, if (at the worst of it) he wants to get on and up, I fancy he is wisest and right to work loyally for his party (be it Conservative, Liberal, or Labour) and not concern himself with new groups and cabals. Each party in the long run has its turn (if the Liberals have been long in the doldrums and the wilderness). And if in times of danger, when a united front is so important, clever young men find it difficult to agree in the policy and method of their leaders, who have more experience than they, the best exercise to banish their irritation is to read history, to practise patience, to show restraint, and to learn how important a part of patriotism are loyalty and faith and how dangerous an enemy is egotism. A plague on all your parties and cabals!

THE OLD STAGER

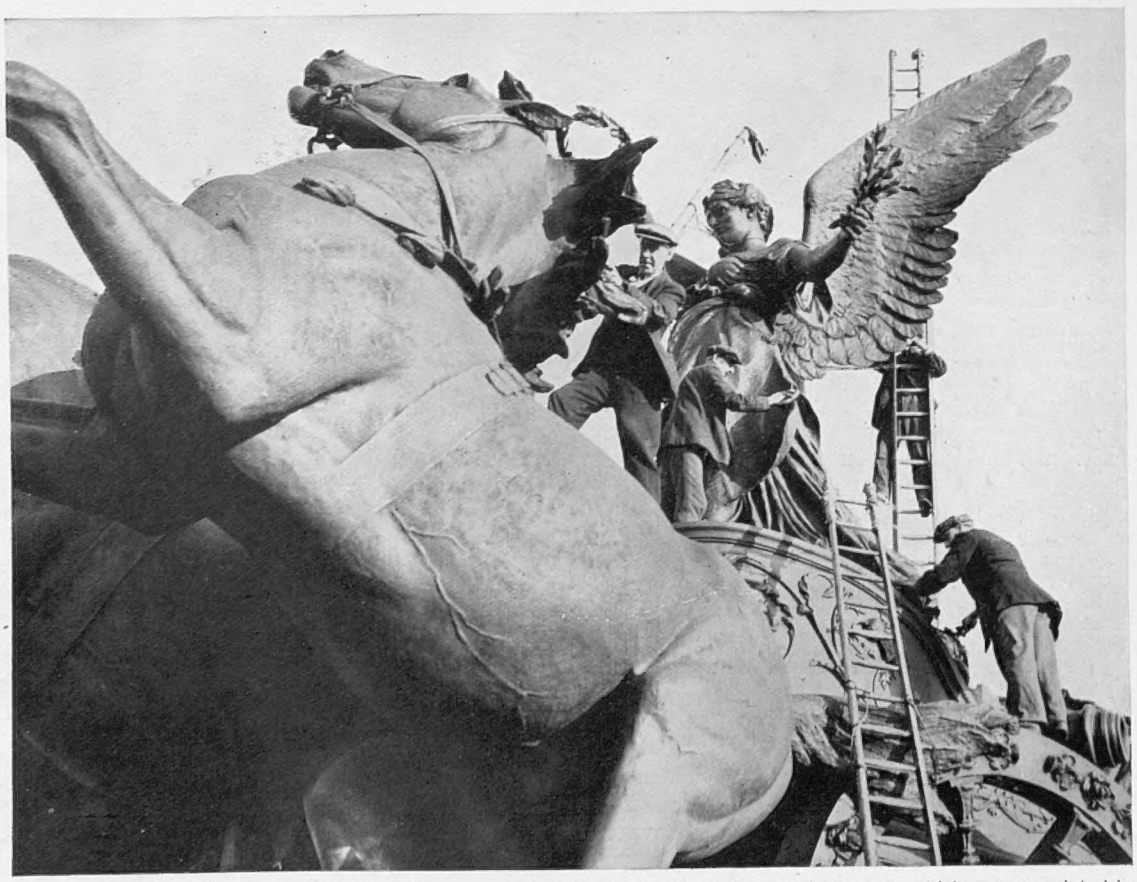
THE LIGHT BLUES PREPARE FOR THE BOAT RACE: Alan Burrough, this year's Cambridge president, who rowed No. 7 in the 1937 crew and No. 3 in the 1938, tries his hand at weight-lifting outside a boathouse on the Cam. Burrough and his men are now hard at work, getting afloat for about two hours each afternoon, and before long the eight will be chosen from the A and B crews. Early in March they will move to Hurlingham and the final two weeks of training will be at Putney. The race is on April 1

BRITAIN'S LATEST DESTROYER TAKES THE WATER: H.M.S. *Kingston* being taken in tow after being launched from the yard of J. Samuel White and Company at East Cowes where the naming ceremony was performed by Mrs. L. Knowlden, Mayoress of Kingston-on-Thames. Altogether forty-five new warships are to be launched from British yards this year, their total displacement being in excess of 355,000 tons. The *Kingston* was ordered in 1937. She will have an armament mainly consisting of 4·7-in. guns

DRY-DOCKING A LINER, AND GROOMING A MONUMENT



A TIGHT FIT: The new 27,000-ton luxury passenger liner, *Dominion Monarch*, which has been built at Wallsend by Messrs. Swan Hunter and Wigham Richardson, and is now almost ready to run her trials, pictured after she had been manœuvred into a dry dock so that final work could be done on her hull. The *Dominion Monarch* is believed to be the largest vessel ever dry-docked on the Tyne, and, as will be seen, there was very little margin to spare when she was in position. She belongs to the Shaw Saville line and, when she goes into service, will be that company's crack ship on the New Zealand run

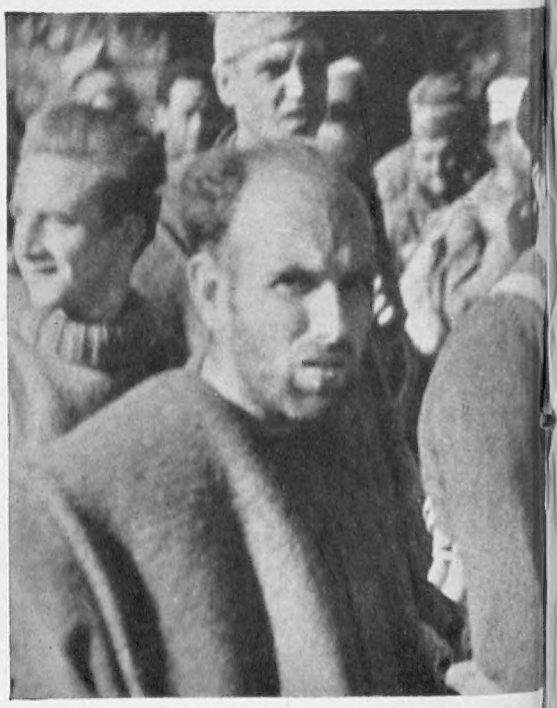


GROOMERS OF GRIME: Men engaged in giving its periodic clean to this famous sculptural group of "Peace in her quadriga" surmounting the Wellington Arch on Constitution Hill. A picture evidencing the immensity of this admired group which was completed in 1912 by Adrian Jones, occupying the position of a hideous equestrian statue which was banished to Aldershot after dominating Hyde Park Corner for nearly forty years

FRANCO'S BIG DRIVE: MANY CATA

FRANCO'S PRISONERS OF WAR: Government troops resting by the roadside near Pantano de Camarasa, during a march through rebel territory after being captured in the big push on the Catalonian front. The offensive had proved so successful by last

THEIR FIGHTING OVER: Captured Spanish Governmen troops parading behind the insurgent lines after falling into the hands of the victorious enemy, whose big push from the Ebro has brought them hundreds



WAR-WORN SOLDIERS OF THE CITIZEN ARMY: Thes men have undergone much privation in their strugg to hold back Franco's forces. They are here waitin to be issued with rations after capture on the Cat lonian front and having to face a Franco camer

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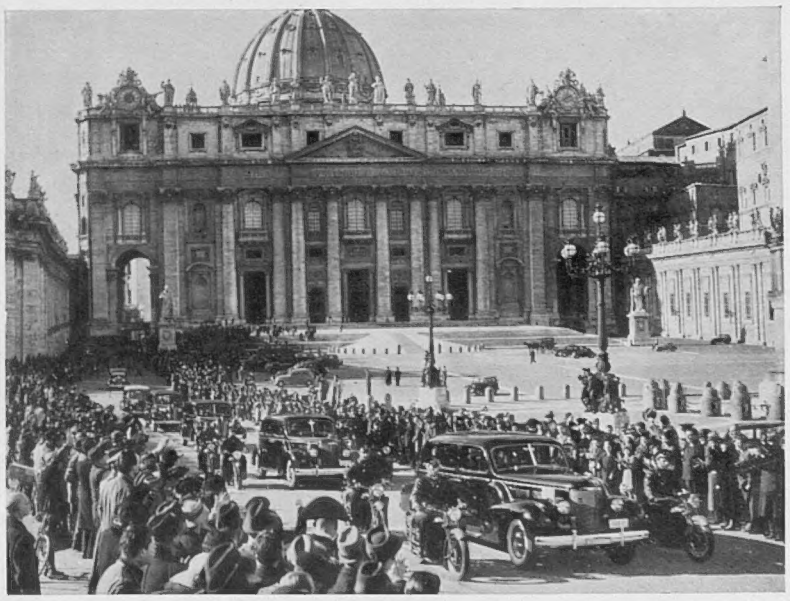
ITALY: OUR PREMIER'S VISIT

Mr. Chamberlain Received With Great Cordiality in Rome: A Sincere Welcome From the People

ROME WELCOMES THE APOSTLE OF PEACE: A glimpse of one of the crowds that gathered to acclaim Britain's Prime Minister. "Each day popular interest in the visit has grown," wrote a *Times* correspondent. "The Ministers' cars have been greeted in the streets with loud clapping—more truly indicating the warmth of the people's feelings than cheers, which in Italy are often political"

BEAMING FOR THE PRESS: Mr. Chamberlain and Signor Mussolini all smiles as they faced the cameras on the former's arrival in Rome on January 11 in company with Foreign Minister Lord Halifax (left). The large open space outside the station was packed with people and, one eye-witness stated, "there was an obvious eagerness on the part of every member of the casually collected crowd to catch a glimpse of the man whose political action had meant so much to them"



THE VISIT TO VATICAN CITY: A crowd watching the official cars leaving after Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Halifax had been received by the Pope. His Holiness made a short speech, afterwards presenting his distinguished visitors with gold medals commemorating the canonisation of More and Fisher

Although nothing concrete has emerged from Mr. Chamberlain's visit to Rome, it at least gave the opportunity for the frank exchange of political views and there is no doubt that this plain speaking has left the head of each Government with the conviction that he knows the other's mind on major European problems. It was stated in The Times *that Signor Mussolini time and time again emphasised his absolute determination to do nothing to shake European peace. Mr. Chamberlain must also have derived much satisfaction from the warm welcome he received from the people of Rome*

YOUNG ITALY PARADES IN THE FORO MUSSOLINI: The Prime Minister and the Duce arriving to witness the display given by juvenile members of the Fascist Party who are seen (*on left*) drawn up in military formations in the vast arena. The Avanguardisti (boys of 14 to 16), the Balilla (boys' organisation), and girl athletes from all the provinces of Italy composed the greater part of the gathering. Their exhibition of mass drilling was a most spectacular feature

QUEEN FARIDA AT CAIRO OPERA HOUSE: Her Majesty, whose marriage to King Farouk took place exactly a year ago, seen with her ladies-in-waiting when she attended a recent performance given in aid of Egyptian Girl Guides

DOWNING STREET'S DEBUTANTE: Mrs. Chamberlain pictured as she returned home after a shopping expedition with her niece, Miss Valerie Cole, who is now living at No. 10 and will be presented at Court in the coming London season

DIPLOMAT ENTERTAINS FILM STAR: Carl Brisson (left), looking a picture of glowing health, at the party given in his honour at Madeira by Count Ahlefeldt-Laurvig, who was until recently Danish Ambassador in London. Mr. Brisson is a close friend of the Danish Premier

TO WED: Miss Diana Dickinson, daughter of the late Mr. James Dickinson, K.C., and granddaughter of Sir John Lavery, with her fiancé, Mr. William Blackwood, of the Royal Tank Corps

THE FARMERS' CLAIM

The Future of Our Oldest Industry Has Now Become an Issue of National, Economic, and Political Importance: Prices the Crux of the Matter

By J. BAKER WHITE

WRITING in THE SPHERE in October last on the state of British agriculture I drew attention to the growing discontent in farming districts and said that "over all the realm of agriculture a new spirit is stirring, a spirit reminiscent of the days of William Cobbett and the Hampden Clubs." Since then the discontent has become more crystallised; more organised, much more vocal and, above all, "headline news."

Hundreds of thousands of industrial workers and urban dwellers who a year ago knew little or nothing of the problems of the land and of the difficulties facing the farmer are now conscious that the future of our oldest industry has become an issue of national economic and political importance. It has been brought sharply to their notice by the appearance of an Independent agricultural candidate in the by-election in East Norfolk (who has since withdrawn), a meeting of 3,000 farmers and farm-workers in Ipswich passing resolutions hostile to the National Government, the severe heckling of the Minister for Agriculture at Norwich, and the decision to organise a protest march of 5,000 country people through London. For the first time for very many years agriculture is making its voice heard.

Interest is, of course, centred at present on the East Norfolk by-election, but it has not perhaps been generally noticed that the farmers' discontents have been voiced most loudly so far in East Anglia and that in other important farming districts the "fair deal for agriculture" demand has not—as yet—been put in such a forceful manner. ***The reason for this can be summed up in one word, barley.***

The East Anglian farmers depend to a great extent on two crops for their livelihood. These crops are sugar-beet and barley. In sugar-beet there is a fairly certain if small profit, thanks to the Government subsidy of £5,000,000 a year, but the case of barley is very different. In 1938 we grew in England and Wales 803,000 tons of barley, as compared with 576,000 tons in 1937, and East Anglia had one of the best and heaviest crops for years. Almost before the crop was in the stacks or threshed out the bottom fell out of the barley market, due, it is said, to large-scale imports.

On October 1, 1938, the price of home-grown barley was 9s. 7d. per cwt., as compared with 12s. 2d. in the corresponding week of 1937. But worse was to come, for by the end of November the price had fallen to 7s. 5d. per cwt., as compared with 12s. 10d. on the same date in the previous year. Large numbers of East Anglian farmers were suddenly faced with bankruptcy, or at the best heavy losses on their main crop, while some could not find a market for their barley at any price.

Some people hastened to blame the brewers and accused them of buying foreign malting barley, but it has since been shown that they have carried out to the letter their "gentleman's agreement" with the farmers. The price of barley became a political issue, and anger against the Government, fomented perhaps by interested parties, became more or less general in East Anglia. The Government rather tardily gave a grant of £500,000 as a subsidy to home-grown barley, but the farmers remained unsatisfied. It is perhaps unfortunate that a few days before the Treasury had authorised a credit of £30,000,000 for Czechoslovakia, and comparison was inevitable. Then came the death of Lord Beauchamp and the consequent by-election in East Norfolk, with the Government's agricultural policy as the main issue.

It would be a mistake to attach too much significance to what has happened in East Anglia in the past two months, for a much larger issue—the future of agriculture as a national industry—is at stake.

The West Country dairy farmer may complain to you about the "pool" price of milk as fixed by the Milk Marketing Board; the sheep man on the Wiltshire Downs will argue with force that subsidising beet sugar is creating an artificial industry that is impoverishing the soil, whereas sheep, the walking dung-cart, are left unassisted. In Lincolnshire you will hear bitter complaint against the Marketing Board putting a ban on potatoes over a certain size, although this restriction has prevented the bottom falling out of the potato market; in Kent some hop-growers are very critical of the fixed price and control of acreage exercised by the Hop Board.

Being the son of a farmer and brought up on the land I dare to say that some tenant farmers can be stubborn, short-sighted and stupid, and waste hours in wordy criticism in the markets when they should be at work on their land. Yet the thinking men in the industry, the men who are the backbone of farming, will readily admit that the agricultural policy of the National Government (which includes the wheat, beef and beet sugar subsidies, tariffs on imported vegetables and flowers, the marketing boards and the slag and lime schemes) has saved the industry from bankruptcy and eventual collapse.

The demand to-day is not for a few more subsidies or another marketing board or so. It is that the Government shall adopt a new national policy for agriculture, a policy to cover all its many branches, a policy to give the farmers a guaranteed price for their products and a fair return on their money and labour.

In a pamphlet issued a few weeks ago by the National Farmers' Union there occurs this passage:—

"... effective action should be taken immediately Parliament reassembles by a combination of the two principles on which there is common agreement, namely, (a) by the adoption of price insurance plans to operate wherever unduly low price levels are shown to exist; and (b) by the endorsement of effective regulation of food imports from overseas countries pending the operation of commodity councils on the lines agreed by the Empire Producers' Conference at Sydney. . . . The union recommends that, as part and parcel of the price insurance policy, there should be established a small independent body on the lines of the Import Duties Advisory Committee, whose sole function it would be to recommend the initial price levels at which the price insurance plans should begin to operate in the case of each commodity and such variations of these levels as might be deemed desirable from time to time. As in the case of the Import Duties Advisory Committee, the new committee should be empowered to adjudicate upon applications for such variations from organised producers."

It is the question of price that is the crux of the matter. The Board of Trade figures issued a few days ago show that in 1938—when our visible adverse trade balance was over £387,000,000—we imported £93,000,000 worth of meat, an increase of £3,000,000 worth over 1937, and £86,000,000 worth of dairy produce, as compared with £79,000,000 in 1937. Thus we sent £10,000,000 more abroad to pay for meat, bacon, eggs, butter and cheese, and to-day the home index of agricultural prices, the price the British farmer gets for the food he grows, is lower than it has been for over two years! It is not surprising that there is bitterness and discontent amongst our farmers and farm-workers to-day, and a demand that something must be done.

Leaving the personal welfare of the farmers and their employees out of it altogether and dealing with agriculture simply as an essential part of our national defences, there are two figures that show that something must be done, and done quickly, to assist agriculture. Since 1925 over 1,200,000 acres of land have gone out of cultivation and in the same period nearly 200,000 farm-workers have left the land.

Looking at the problem from another angle, the rural community still numbers some 3,000,000 people, and this is a large and valuable market for the products of urban industry. For twenty years its purchasing power has been restricted by depression. A restoration of prosperity to agriculture would have an immediate effect on a score of industries, stimulating consumption and so employment. Thus the future of farming is not just a question of what will happen to the farmers and their men: it is a question of national economics and national defence.

The problem of the Government is a difficult one—to provide cheap food for the townspeople, a market for the Empire producers, and at the same time give a fair return to the British farmer. It is difficult to see how the guaranteed price for home agricultural products can be given without tariffs on all imported competitive foodstuffs, and such tariffs must mean higher prices. That the people of the towns are beginning to see the place of farming in national defence is unquestionable, but are they yet prepared to pay more for their food? I doubt it, just as I doubt whether a Government that is likely to go to the country before the year is out will put taxes on imported food.

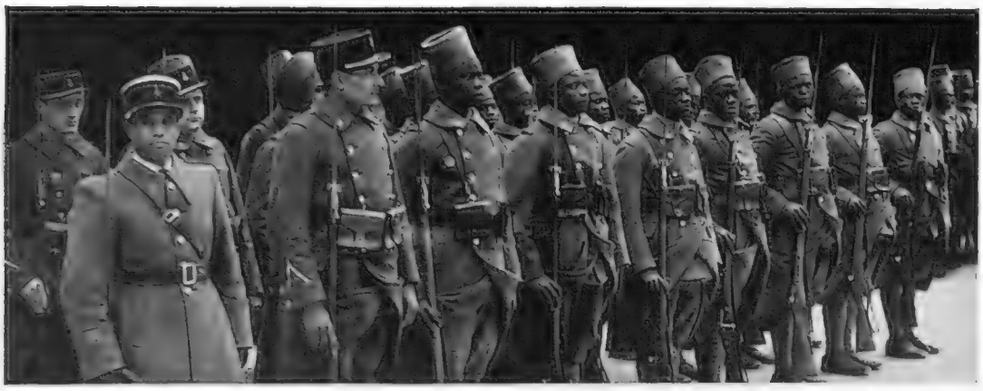
Within the next month or so we are likely to know what the Government proposes to do for farming. To forecast its policy would merely be guessing, but one thing can be said with certainty. The agricultural community is aroused and organised as it never has been before, and behind the demand that something must be done is the will and determination of the rural community.

A FOREIGN SURVEY

ECUADOR HAS A NEW PRESIDENT: President Aurelio M. Narvaez, who was elected to office at the beginning of last month, was at one time Rector of the Central University at Quito. He was also Supreme Director of Ecuador's Liberal-Radical party

CLEAN-UP IN SHANGHAI: A squad of police, representing more than one nationality, practising a baton charge in the International Settlement before being sent out to conduct a big round-up held with the object of putting a stop to Chinese acts of violence in the city. In the second rank can be seen Sikhs carrying their long staves. *Below*—British troops on duty in Municipal Road during the round-up. Last week it was reported that fighting was taking place 100 miles south-west of Shanghai as a result of a surprise Chinese advance on Hangchow

On right—
HOW NEW YORK WELCOMED THE NEW YEAR: This was the scene of enthusiasm in Times Square as many thousands gathered round a giant Christmas tree and hailed the coming of 1939. Charles Graves, a writer well known to "Sphere" readers, was in New York for the festivities, and wrote: "Americans are most optimistic about industrial prosperity in 1939, although Roosevelt has taught them to think in billions of national debt instead of millions. And how they welcomed in the New Year. Even the waiters bayed like bloodhounds when midnight struck. Perhaps that's what I like most about the United States—everyone is so very natural, whether chorus girl or Congressman"



WHITE-OFFICERED SENEGALESE TROOPS ON PARADE IN S.E. TUNISIA whither they were recently sent by the French military authorities to help man the powerful Mareth line dividing Tunisia from Italian Libya

WITH DALADIER IN TUNISIA

An Estimate of the True Position in this Colony now that the Tumult and the Shouting of the French Premier's Great Popular Reception Are Over

By FERDINAND TUOHY

THE hero and the scribes have gone.

It is a quiet Tunis this morning after all the excitement of M. Daladier's visit. There is that lassitude in the air that always succeeds popular explosions of sentiment. Besides, the bill has now got to be totted up. Just what has France's spectacular local triumph accomplished? What holds the future for Tunisians and for countless others, many of whom have no doubt only in latter days awakened to the existence of this Protectorate?

Where does the wrong lie, if any, as between French and Italians on the spot, and can it be pacifically rectified, or is this not wanted by one of the two national elements involved? Is Fascist Italy dead serious over her Tunisian demands and aspirations—as serious as was Hitler over Czechoslovakia? And, if so, what is to be the outcome?

These are the questions that require tackling this quiet morning in North Africa. Perhaps the problem was not as new to the writer as it presented itself to the alarming number of colleagues I met on the voyage over—fifty-odd, a total gradually increasing to 100 of all kinds before the hectic Daladier days had concluded. Back in 1931 I found the process of fascisticising the local Italian population already in full enactment: steadily the 800 pivotal Italians of the community were being tested and removed if found to be unsound, their jobs and places to be taken by 100 per cent. Fascists sent out from Italy. At the same time, much obvious subsidising of Italian transport and business was being practised for propaganda purposes. And more Italian money was going in supporting the native Destour movement against the French.

Through the '30's much liberty was allowed the Italians here, to the extent of their even being tolerated in blackshirt uniform, at manifestations, until a few weeks ago. Meanwhile, Marshal Balbo built strategic roads and drilled next door in Tripoli, and the Isle of Pantelleria, just beyond yonder Cape Bon, grew to be an Italian Gibraltar, and Fascist stock mounted in the world as victory followed victory in different latitudes.

Then, one December day, Italy's claims on Tunis were officially launched in the mouths of students, and M. Daladier decided the earlier a halt were called the better, and that the way to do it was to make a personal appearance.

The French Premier spent less than sixty hours in Tunisia, yet seldom can a statesman have packed so much ceremony, work, and emotion into so short a while. The eminent visitor made the journey for three main reasons: to bring the greetings and promise of support of France, to find out how the Tunisians themselves felt about things, and to inspect defences. His lightning sojourn was more than a success—it was a triumph. I was within hail of him almost throughout the three days and can vouch for that.

M. Daladier arrived at Bizerta in the light cruiser *Foch*, in a blaze of African dawn. We correspondents had had to leave Tunis, 50 miles away, at 6 a.m., in five big motor-coaches. The landing was of the simplest. A grey naval pinnace described a semi-circle, and one beheld a small, plumpish man standing in the stern, dressed darkly and with black felt hat. Along the length of a small jetty, the new arrival greeted two score dignitaries at the head of which were the lanky Resident, M. Labonne, Admiral Darlan, head of the Fleet, General Vuillemin, chief of the Air, and General Georges, chief of the Army Staff. A salute was fired, a native band played the two national hymns, and so away to greet the Bey at the Bardo Palace.

The whole thing had lasted barely five minutes. Yet what a drop-scene of history was detectable behind it. Here had come France's ruling statesman to take up the challenge, "*delenda est Francia*," on this storied territory of Carthage itself.

Bizerta is the most French town in these parts, counting 17,000 to 18,000 Italians, and how the French schoolchildren cheered and waved their tricolours, prelude to the scenes in Tunis city.

The call on the aged Bey was more than a formality. We were allowed in the throne room, a scene of stirring colour, and heard His Highness give his solemn assurance to France that if anything required it, Tunisia would be solidly on the side of the Republic. A moment prior to this, our filming and camera company had shocked protocolar authority by rushing forward to within a few feet of the Bey.

His Highness now lives in relative retirement, either out at La Marsa or at Hammam Lif. Beyond the necessity for his signature on State documents, he plays small part in the Franco-Tunisian story. A Minister, a Frenchman, acts as liaison with the French Resident who governs through a Grand Council. This is at present split to the extent of its two sections sitting in different chambers, and no time has been lost in expressing the hope that M. Daladier will see that native Tunisian desires are met, these having considerably to do with equality of opportunity in the State services. It would be idle to pretend that all is rosy between French and Tunisians; only a few months ago a dozen Arabs were killed here during riots.

However, all seemed forgotten on the day of days. As noon approached, the great, broad Avenue Jules Ferry, running through the centre of Tunis, was wedged solid with some 120,000 people, and as M. Daladier turned into it at one end, all this humanity broke the police and troop cordons and surged forward, along 1½ miles, leaving less than 4 yards for the Premier's motor car to pass through. Nor has one for a long time heard such wild and heartfelt cheering as followed. Who were responsible for it? French. Muslims. Jews. Foreigners. A host of local Italians would have liked to join in, but were afraid even to show themselves, lest they be noted by the Fascist party. The heads of this are Consul Lanza, late of London, and editor Santamaria of the *Unione*, the second of whom may have to watch his journalistic step if he desires to continue in action. Resident Labonne has summoned him to the Residency and told him there is going to be a limit.

In point of fact the restraint was extraordinary on this feverish day whose other high lights fell in the afternoon with a military review which became blocked by the surging populace, and with an historic banquet of 300 at night. I had visited the Italian air office after the processional arrival, and found it heavily policed and a highly nervous personnel within. It need not have been, for all that happened throughout the day and evening were two broken windows and an Italian flag torn down. Not very grave in the times in which we live, and considering the special conditions in Tunis.

At the banquet the guest of the occasion improvised the word "defi" (challenge) in a speech that had previously been distributed to our journalistic "caravan." This sent most of my dear colleagues scuttling to make the necessary addition while others were able to continue at least a little longer with the menu. Gala meals followed one another on this trip. On the ship coming over it had been too rough, but hardly had we landed than we were taken off to "Bagdad" and there regaled among other things with the native couscous and with dancing by houris. And lunch time next day found us collected in mass out at Sidi-bou-Said, show place overlooking the glorious bay of Tunis; to be succeeded by a banquet at the Residency when each table was presided over by a Frenchwoman (her only appearance).

We travelled the 300 miles south in three specials, with M. Daladier last. He always had to come last, in order to be written up and pictured on his arrival at a place. In parties of four one might have slept well but for the snoring fraternity who should have had, not special compartments, but special coaches. I recalled how on the way out to Egypt in 1917 we dealt with a terrible snorer who kept us all awake. Borrowing a megaphone from the bridge, we would periodically lower this on to his snore—when he would give a violent start, awakened by his own horrid noise.

It was too much when our snorer began blithely singing as we drew towards Gabès. Politely but firmly we advised him where he got off—which wasn't only at Gabès.

From the second one stepped out into the glorious, keen African morning at this "divine" spot; this was *the* day.

Gabès is the southernmost town of any size, and a summer resort. We met our coaches once more and were borne over 100 miles of zig-zag secondary road to Ain-Tounine, camp in the bled, selected for a review such as you see suggested in some French films. I say "suggested" because nothing so far filmed was as good as this; indeed, we afterwards told the general presenting the review that he had beaten Hollywood hollow. There was just one flaw. As the Spahis charged by, and later the irregular Goumiers, who stand up and fire as they career by at close on Tattenham Corner speed, the chargers, man and beast, got lost opposite the tribune in dust of their own making. As a battle smoke-screen it would have been all right, for spectacle it was not so good.

The review was led by the Camel Corps, whose officers and men direct their beasts by their bare-footed toes (big toe and next one) gripping the neck. Then came six battalions, largely of Senegalese. Then A.A., artillery, supply services, tanks, armoured cars, and the Spahis and Goumiers, with forty-two aeroplanes overhead. The French need many more aircraft here in Tunisia. Balbo mobilised 300 next door eighteen months ago. I know French machines can fly over from Marignane and Fréjus in a few hours, but that is hardly the point. Aircraft give confidence to the Arabs, for which reason alone they should be present in force. There is a second reason. The defence of the Mediterranean has now become profoundly modified into zoning arcs of the bigger bombers. This new element has, for instance, greatly changed the role even of a Bizerta. But here one is tempted to exceed one's role as reporter.

After the review there was an incident, indeed there were two incidents. Lunch was set in five black, camel-hair tents under a few rare trees. The gentlemen of the Press were for once late in getting down to their eats and found that some staples of their menu had been swiped . . . by the gendarmes and motor-cyclists accompanying M. Daladier. I even detected one gendarme's arm stealing into our tent to take more of our fruit, reposing in large baskets by the entrance. A rather less attractive incident befell when our staff officer guide quite sensibly pointed out that if we proceeded, as intended, to Ben Gardane, whence you can "see" Italian Libya, a dozen miles distant in the clear atmosphere, we should get back to Gabès about midnight, having driven for seven hours in the dark, south and back north again, and "seen" Ben Gardane in the dark.

This caused a politically-obsessed colleague to break into an outburst hinging on the assertion that Mussolini had cabled Foreign Minister Bonnet that if Daladier brought his journalistic caravan so near the frontier as Ben Gardane there would be trouble. Reiteration of this finally roused our staff captain and he asserted his authority.

And off we sallied south, 60 miles, to Medenine, command post facing the Libyan frontier 45 miles away. M. Daladier was inspecting defence works near by, but these were kept from the Press. There is no call to dilate on what we saw, save that the main system looks to be about 4 miles deep and has lots of all-mud camouflaged pill-boxes. This system, running from the coast, near Zarsis, into the edge of the desert and the great chotts or lakes of Djerid and Dedjedj, is called the Mareth Line. It zigzags through a mountainous range giving a wonderful field of fire in all directions and is said to be as near impregnable as these African systems can be made. Right close up to the frontier are posts which would give the alarm at any onrush.

At Medenine we saw a pleasing example of French colonisation. "Houses" of Nissen hut pattern, but one on top of the other, and strung out in long rows, have been run up by the score in reinforced concrete, and their rentals are precisely 16s. a year.

Three hours later we were at a Caid's night fête, back at Gabès. This was preceded by the international Press filing no fewer than 137,000 words to various parts of the universe. The telegraph clerks were four hours behind. Nobody had expected such outside "reaction" to our little jaunt. I saw office instructions from London and New York calling for more *and* more.

(*Continued on page* 106)

The SWASTIKA OVER MEMEL

Life in Lithuania's Autonomous Area Now Under German Political Control

THE BLACK GUARDS OF MEMEL: These young men in their all-black uniforms and heavy top boots are members of the Memellander Ordnungsdienst (Security Service), an organisation that has just been created by the authorities in Memel to protect the interests of citizens in this former German-owned territory which now has almost complete autonomy within the framework of the Lithuanian state

WITH DRUMS BEATING AND FIFES PLAYING young German members of the Memellander Ordnungsdienst march through the city on a ceremonial parade. Last month these youths were loud in their cries for return to the Reich, but at the same time it became known that Chancellor Hitler had informed Mr. Chamberlain at Berchtesgaden that he was willing to leave the Memelland as it was so long as the Memel Statute, by which Lithuania guaranteed the territory's autonomy, continued to be observed by the Lithuanians

REUNION DINNER IN MEMEL: This gathering was held last month to do honour to those German citizens of the Memelland who have suffered imprisonment by the Lithuanians for political activities, the host being Dr. Neumann, Memel's Führer who himself spent four years in a Lithuanian gaol between February, 1934, and February, 1938. A swastika in circular form adorned the hall for the occasion

MEMEL'S HITLER AND GOEBBELS: Dr. Ernst Neumann (right), who rules the autonomous territory on National Socialist lines and is at present in an impregnable position as his followers hold all but four of the seats in the Memel diet. On the left is Dr. Neumann's lieutenant, Herr Willy Bertuleit, who has of recent weeks been outspoken in his demands for return to the Reich

A FRUGAL REPAST: Dr. Neumann, Memel's Führer, and Frau Neumann (left), pictured at the dinner given in honour of German citizens who had served terms of imprisonment in Lithuanian gaols for political offences. The meal consisted of one symbolic dish—a soup very much the same as that regularly served in Lithuanian prisons

FIGHTING ROCK and FLOODWATER to bore THE SAN JACINTO TUNNEL

A Hazardous Undertaking Completed in America's Golden West : Cutting Thirteen Miles of Aqueduct Beneath a 10,800-ft. Mountain

AN UNCEASING MENACE during the construction of the thirteen-mile tunnel through 10,800-ft. San Jacinto mountain, Southern California, was the presence of immense quantities of water at the working face, thus to a very large degree hampering the miners in their work of cutting through the rock. The greatest amount of water at a working face was encountered last spring when the flow reached 15,800 gallons per minute

THE MINER'S ENEMY: Water pouring through an outlet pipe from the San Jacinto workings; evidence of the difficulties in which the men worked as they bored relentlessly through the saturated rock towards their goal

OPERATIONS AT THE ROCK FACE during the closing stages of boring. The men daily faced the peril of floods which might have easily overwhelmed them

On left CARRYING ON IN A CEASELESS DOWN-POUR: Another scene in the San Jacinto borings where the rock was saturated with water to such an extent that it was feared at one time that the task could not be completed

A BIG MOMENT IN ENGINEERING ANNALS: This was the scene in the San Jacinto tunnel shortly after miners working from opposite ends broke through the last granite face and met, thus completing a task that has taken six years of unceasing effort against the forces of nature. The tunnel is the vital link in the £44,000,000 aqueduct which will eventually carry 700,000 gallons of water a minute from the Colorado to California's cities

A very remarkable engineering feat has just been accomplished in Southern California with the completion of the thirteen-mile tunnel which, in the face of appalling difficulties, has been bored through 10,800-ft. San Jacinto mountain and which will form part of the great £44,000,000 aqueduct designed to carry water 400 miles from the rushing Colorado river to Los Angeles and other cities in the southern part of the state. It has been a most hazardous undertaking as the miners have had to battle throughout against floods; thousands of gallons of water pouring into the workings every minute and hampering the men in their work; sometimes, indeed, threatening their lives. The following notes on the subject have been written by Mr. Lynn Davis Smith, one of the officials of the Metropolitan Water District, the body responsible for the enterprise.

ON this page you see a plan and profile drawing of San Jacinto, which is considered one of the most difficult tunnels that has ever been constructed. When the drawing was made, more than 12 miles of that tunnel had been driven, and since then it has been completed.

The drawing, however, fails to indicate the unending fight that the hard-rockers have carried on against the forces of that mountain in order to beat their way through.

The San Jacinto tunnel is one of thirty-eight major tunnels on the Colorado River Aqueduct system. Totalling 108 miles in length, these have constituted one of the biggest tunnelling jobs in construction history. All the tunnels have now been excavated, and the aqueduct as a whole is more than 85 per cent. completed.

Much of the 392-mile aqueduct system has been constructed without strenuous opposition from the forces of nature. She seemed to concentrate most of her might at one point.

For her centre of resistance she chose Mt. San Jacinto. This spectacular peak, which, with its foot in the desert only 400 ft. above sea level, rises to a sheer 2 miles into the air, is a fitting spot for a show-down fight between man and nature. For her principal weapon against man nature chose the very thing that he will carry through that mountain—water.

Because it is but one link in the aqueduct system, the San Jacinto tunnel had to fit into the general plan. Much study was given to its final location, including extensive core drilling. This core drilling, along with careful geologic studies, indicated difficult, but not impossible, tunnelling ground, but the inherent limitations of such explorations could not indicate accurately the amount of water which might be encountered.

Sinking of the Cabazon and Potrero shafts (see drawing) was started by a contractor in May, 1933. These vertical shafts are circular and are 15 ft. in diameter. The Cabazon shaft is 262 ft. deep and is 935 ft. north of the main tunnel line, being connected at the bottom with a cross drift 10 ft. square.

This shaft was completed in August, 1933, and by February, 1934, the main tunnel was being excavated both east and west from the cross-cut.

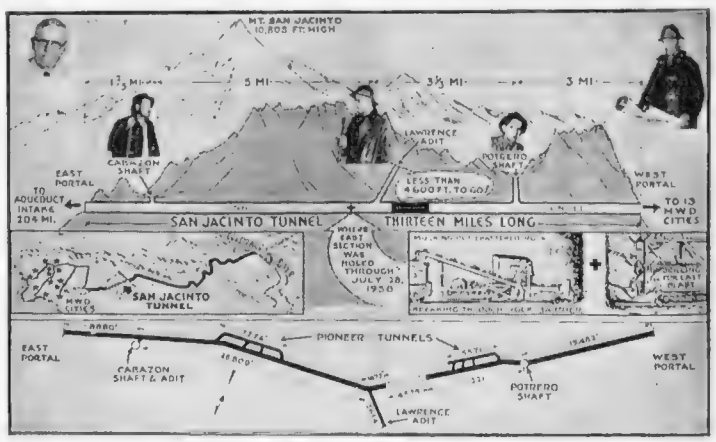
The Potrero shaft is 796 ft. deep and intersects the main tunnel on the centre line. The first water was encountered at a depth of 139 ft. and continued to flow at rates of from 30 to 250 gallons per minute until the bottom of the shaft was reached in April, 1934.

In February, 1935, following several delays, the District took over the tunnel work, and began construction of large capacity pumping facilities, both at Potrero and Cabazon. These consisted of large bottle-shaped chambers cut out of the solid rock adjacent to the two shafts. Batteries of pumps having a total capacity of 29,600 gallons per minute at Cabazon and 17,400 gallons per minute at Potrero were installed in these chambers, which were closed off with heavy steel bulkheads.

Auxiliary controls on the surface were installed so that the pumps, in their water-tight chambers, could be operated even though the tunnel should be completely flooded. These stations continued to operate until Cabazon holed through to the east portal and Potrero holed through to the west portal, after which the water was carried through the tunnel and out at the portals.

With adequate pumping facilities installed, the hard-rockers once more turned their attention to driving headings. The battle had just begun, and a perusal of the sheafs of the

(Continued on page 106)



THE LIE OF THE LAND: A diagrammatic drawing showing (at top) Mount San Jacinto and the course of the tunnel which has been driven beneath it. When the drawing was made there were still 4,600 ft. to go, but since then the work has been completed without mishap. The left centre panel shows the course of the aqueduct from the Colorado river, through San Jacinto, to the cities of Southern California, while at the foot is a drawing revealing how narrow pioneer tunnels were drilled so that men could push ahead, re-enter the main line of the tunnel, and then continue boring, thus effecting a big saving in time

OUR MODERN MECHANISED ARMY

A Special Section of "The Sphere" Illustrative of Current Progress in His Majesty's Forces

IN A WORKSHOP OF THE R.A.O.C.: A young mechanic turning the crankshaft when preparing to start up for the day. The Royal Army Ordnance Corps has a very special importance in this era of mechanisation, as it is responsible for the repair and maintenance of all classes of army vehicle. It is a remarkable fact, though, that the Ordnance Department has a greater antiquity than any other branch of the service, its history being traceable to the earliest military organisation of England and the first official record of the department dating back to 1418 when one, John Louth, was appointed "Clerk to the Ordnance." The R.A.O.C. is popularly nicknamed "The Sugar Stick Brigade," a reference to the peculiar red and white piping of the braid that was once a feature of the uniform

All the pictures in the section are by A. Console

The Work of the ROYAL ARMY ORDNANCE CORPS

UP FOR OVERHAUL: Lorries and various types of tanks undergoing repairs in one of the extensive workshops of the Royal Army Ordnance Corps, a unit of the British Army which, as mechanisation develops, is gaining in importance with each succeeding year. The R.A.O.C. has a Regular and a Territorial branch

A GARAGE OF THE ROYAL ARMY ORDNANCE CORPS and (*on right*) a travelling workshop which is invariably to be seen accompanying the mechanised forces on manœuvres. Needless to say, the young man who enters this branch of the army rapidly becomes a skilled engineer, so that when the time arrives for him to go back into civilian life he has at his finger-tips a trade in which he can be sure of earning good money for the rest of his days. This is one reason why recruiting is on the up-grade

OUR M

A Series of Fictures
Done to Modernise

THE ARMY MARCHES ON WHEELS: Infantrymen loading their kit on to a lorry before starting out on manœuvres. This rapid means of transporting troops has needless to say revolutionised the art of warfare, allowing a commander in the field to concentrate at threatened points with unprecedented rapidity

LOADING A MORTAR:

TANKS TAKE THE OFFENSIVE: A mighty army of these warships of the land advancing across country during exercises. The tank is giving the War Department much food for thought these days, as the anti-tank gun has made such progress that tank design must needs be constantly modified in order to meet the changing conditions

On left—
SINGLE LINE AHEAD: Tanks pictured during exercises on Salisbury Plain. It was over two decades ago that the first tanks lumbered across the Somme battlefields, now we find their lineal descendants employed throughout the army, mainly, of course, by the Royal Tank Corps, but also largely by the Cavalry, regiment after regiment of which has said good-bye to horses

GIVING OPERATIO ORDERS:

ECHANISED ARMY

Evidencing What Has Been and Is Being and Give Mobility to the Armed Forces

A modern high-angle gun seen in use during manœuvres. Being easy to dismantle it can be taken away with adequate speed in the event of a retreat

An officer consulting a map of the manœuvre area when outlining the plan of campaign to his men before the start of an attack. In the mechanised army of to-day swift thinking has to be done, as troop movements are infinitely faster than they were a decade ago

MOBILITY THE KEYNOTE:

Members of a machine-gun section standing beside their car. The drivers in Britain's newly mechanised army are all skilled engineers, being capable of carrying out quite elaborate repairs should an emergency arise

TRANSPORT BY CATERPILLAR:

Infantry transport vehicles with caterpillar wheels which enable them to travel over broken terrain which could not be negotiated by the cars seen at the head of this page

A FIELD ARTILLERY GUN PARK:

The guns in Britain's mechanised army have heavy pneumatic tyres, thus enabling them to be trailed at speed along main roads without undue bumping. The speed-up in this and other ways since 1914-18 is a positive revelation

THE TRANS-PACIFIC RECORD HOLDER: The C.P.R. liner *Empress of Japan*, which holds the Pacific Blue Riband by a substantial margin, but whose position is threatened by the plans of the Japanese. The record carries with it not only prestige in the East but also the cream of the valuable silk trade

THE BLUE RIBAND OF THE NORTH PACIFIC

An Ocean Speed Record that Means Trade for the Holder

By FRANK C. BOWEN

TO the greater part of the general public in Britain the Blue Riband of the Atlantic is the only record of any interest, the Pacific Blue Riband being completely neglected although imperially it is far more important, and even as a matter of interest it is in no way behind. This interest is likely to be considerably increased in the very near future, for the Nippon Yusen Kaisha, the premier Japanese passenger concern, plans to build two ships of 27,700 tons apiece, having a speed of 24 knots, which should give the Japanese the trans-Pacific record and the prestige which goes with it.

It is particularly interesting to note that these ships, which are designed for the service between Yokohama and San Francisco on which there is no normal emigration owing to American policy, are to be built to carry 550 steerage passengers apiece which makes it appear that the Japanese are confident that American policy will be changed in the near future.

The competition for the Pacific Blue Riband did not start until long after that on the Atlantic, for the American Pacific Mail Company had the monopoly of first-class shipping for many years. It was established in 1848 to run services between the Atlantic and the Pacific, but after the Californian Gold Rush had died down this trade was of little use to steamers with their high operating costs, and the Company was further hit by the opening of the transcontinental railways, so that in the late '60's they diverted their best ships to the trans-Pacific service from San Francisco to Yokohama and Hong Kong. They were cumbersome wooden paddlers and took 22 days to Yokohama and another week on to Hong Kong, but they were so much in advance of the sailing ships, which were their only competitors, that they did an immense business.

Their first real competition came from the British when the Canadian Pacific Railway was completed across the continent in 1886, and decided to establish a service to the Orient. The railway had no ships at that time and began by chartering some sailing ships, but in a matter of months these were replaced by out-of-date Atlantic liners, the *Abyssinia*, *Parthia*, and *Batavia*. They were an improvement on their competitors, but they left a good deal to be desired. As the Canadian Pacific's offer to carry mails to the Far East by way of Canada had been bluntly refused in 1885 they contented themselves with chartered tonnage for a time and the success of this service gave them an infinitely better chance when they renewed the scheme.

Finally the contract was made in 1889 for a period of ten years, giving the railway £60,000 per annum to maintain a monthly service to Hong Kong with ships capable of 17½ knots on trial and suitable for conversion into auxiliary cruisers in war time. People shook their heads and said that it was quite impossible to maintain a trans-Pacific service with such fast vessels on a smaller subsidy than the Pacific Mail received for their very much slower ones, and maintained that the Company would lose heavily.

In spite of these discouraging prophecies from people who were supposed to know very much more about shipping than they did, the Canadian-Pacific went forward with the construction of three ships which were among the prettiest passenger steamers ever built, the *Empress of China*, *Empress of Japan*, and *Empress of India*. With their clipper stems and symmetrical rig, coupled with white hulls and yellow funnels, these ships looked like gigantic steam yachts, and while their tonnage of 5,900 would be regarded as very small for passenger ships to-day, it was big enough for them to maintain a wonderful time-table. The Westabout route to British colonies and trade interests in the East immediately proved its utility, while they very soon built up a big cargo business.

High speed was obviously essential for every branch of their work, from the carriage of mails in competition with the regular route via the Red Sea to the silk business from the Orient to Vancouver, en route for eastern America and Europe, in which the values were so colossal that every day saved in transit made a big difference to overheads. So the Pacific Blue Riband came under notice and the three white "Empresses" batted the record between one another at an average well above their contract speed of 17½ knots which, according to the agreement, was only stipulated on trial with everything favourable.

When she was new the *Empress of Japan* broke the record with 9 days 19 hrs. 39 mins. from Yokohama to Vancouver, averaging 18½ knots, but she had to fight hard for her position and the average speed was constantly being moved by tiny fractions of a knot.

The Americans, with their high running costs, were quite willing to leave the record to the Canadian Pacific, but in 1898 the Japanese Toyo Kisen Kaisha Company took full advantage of one of the first generous subsidy offers made by the Japanese Government and ordered three liners from yards on the north-east coast of England. In appearance they were a very close copy of the Canadian Pacifics, with clipper stems and two funnels, and with their tonnage of considerably more than 6,000 the *America Maru*, *Hong Kong Maru* and *Nippon Maru* were among the finest ships under the Japanese flag and very highly regarded by the navy for their possibilities as auxiliary cruisers with their speed of 17 knots.

Exactly ten years later, in 1908, the Company built the first pair of a trio of turbine ships of 13,400 tons gross, the *Chiyo Maru* and *Tenyo Maru*, followed in 1911 by the *Shinyo Maru*. These ships were designed for a speed of 13 knots and were well over twice as big as the "Empresses," so that the trans-Pacific record passed to the Japanese.

The Canadian Pacific's reply to these ships took the form of the *Empress of Asia* and *Empress of Russia* in 1912, incidentally the first big liners to be given the cruiser stern which has now become universal in ship design. With a gross tonnage of little less than 17,000, they were designed for 20 knots on trial but they could always exceed it for short spurts. The *Empress of Russia* started by a run of 9 days 5 hrs. from Yokohama to Victoria, British Columbia, and this was beaten by the *Empress of Asia* doing the run in 8 days 19 hrs., an average of well over 19 knots. The *Empress of Russia* responded with 8 days 16 hrs. 31 mins. which stood for several years.

After the war it was necessary to replace the clipper-stemmed "Empresses" of 1891. To begin with, the surrendered German liner *Tirpitz* was put on the service as the *Empress of Australia*, but although she was a wonderfully comfortable and popular ship she was not a record breaker. In 1922 the *Empress of Canada* was built on the Clyde with a tonnage of 21,500, being designed for 20 knots on trial and costing £2,000,000.

She immediately lowered the record by 8 hours on her maiden voyage, averaging 19.75 knots. In the following year she set up a new record from Yokohama to Vancouver, 8 days 10 hrs. 53 mins. Later she was re-engined and her speed increased, but by that time the Company had built the *Empress of Japan*, 26,000 tons, which was designed for 21 knots on service and averaged 23 on trial. She immediately reduced the record and has held it ever since.

In the meantime the Nippon Yusen Kaisha had taken over the San Francisco service from the Toyo Kisen Kaisha, and soon afterwards began to build magnificent new motorships for it. The *Asama Maru* and *Tatsuta Maru* came out in 1929, roughly 17,000 tons, which made them the biggest

(Continued on page 106)

ANOTHER FAST PASSAGE MAKER: The Nippon Yusen Kaisha's motorship *Chichibu Maru*, 17,526 tons gross, which now holds the record for the Yokohama-San Francisco run, by way of Honolulu, with an average speed of just over 18½ knots

COMBATING PIRACY IN CHINESE WATERS

STEEL MESH AND SPIKE BARRIERS are used to protect 1st-class accommodation and officers' quarters on river and coastal steamers in Chinese waters, as the pirates have a habit of booking passages in the normal way and then capturing the boat by surprise, forcing the officers to take the ship to a rendezvous where confederates are waiting

READY FOR THE WORST: Another picture (the three are by Harrison Forman) showing the way in which passenger vessels are protected. Only last week it was reported that pirates had attacked German and Italian ships

PRESERVING OLD ENGLAND: *A Moorland Cottage in York Castle Museum : An Appeal for Wolsey's Tower : A Cheshire Mansion Saved*

A VIVID RECONSTRUCTION of a typical domestic scene in the Yorkshire of a generation ago. The living-room of a moorland cottage which has just been opened to public view at the York Castle Museum of Bygones and which contains, among other things, a typical four-poster bed, a grandfather clock, a turf fire, and a child's rocking-chair. Of recent years many such cottages have lost their treasures; fine oak pieces that have met the dealer's eye and have been whirled off to the London and New York sale-rooms, often fetching quite remarkable prices, or else have been picked up by chance by some astute collector

THE SUBJECT OF A PUBLIC APPEAL: Surrey Archæological Society is making an effort to preserve this historic building known as Wolsey's Tower. It stands near the River Mole at Esher, and was formerly the gatehouse to the mansion built by Bishop Waynflete. It was there, too, that Wolsey stayed when disgraced and forced into retirement by Henry VIII

ITS FUTURE SECURED: The Minister of Health has approved the order made by the Alderley Edge Council prohibiting the demolition of this old Cheshire mansion, known as Chorley Old Hall, and as a result, another of the county's fine black and white timbered buildings has been saved for posterity. The hall was built in two parts, the first in 1420 and the other some fifty years later. Within is a fine minstrels' gallery

BURIED FOR FIVE CENTURIES IN THE BOCKSTEN MARSHES: These four garments were recently found on the body of a man who had evidently been murdered. The corpse and its clothes, by some fluke of nature, were perfectly preserved and the latter have now been placed on exhibition in the Varberg Museum, where they are creating much attention. A description appears below

A COMPLETE 14TH-CENTURY DRESS FOUND IN SWEDEN:

A Remarkable Discovery in the Bocksten Marshes, Where the Peculiarities of the Ground Have Been a Preservative

A VERY wonderful discovery, especially to those interested in historical costume, has made its appearance in the Varberg Museum, Sweden—and, treated with the utmost care, has been placed in a glass case with the special temperature most suited to its preservation.

It is almost unbelievable that this fourteenth-century outfit has lain, for more than five centuries, buried in the Bocksten Marshes, and yet still retains its shape and colour with little or no depreciation.

Several examples of late fifteenth-century garments have been discovered in Greenland, buried in the frozen earth, but even these are not complete suits, a gown here, a hood there and a fragmentary tunic which are now housed in the National Museum, Copenhagen. But here by some fluke of nature, some curious quality of preservation in the soil, the body has been preserved completely clothed in hose, shoes, tunic, hood with liripipe, and a semi-circular cloak.

These relics tell a simple and all too common story of a well-dressed traveller waylaid and murdered, his body stripped of valuables and then thrust face downwards on the marshes, his assassins covering the corpse with branches from a nearby tree.

The centuries passed and Gothenburg grew into the large commercial town it is to-day. Quite recently the body was discovered by archæological students excavating in the vicinity.

Extraordinarily preserved, it was possible to see that the murdered man had been beardless and provided with a superb set of teeth, tall of stature, and of remarkably fine physique.

The discovery has caused an enormous sensation, because it is the only set of fourteenth-century attire in existence.

The suit, which was made entirely of wool, seems to have been dark grey in colour, except for a light scarlet triangle of material in the front of the tunic.

From the warmth of the woollen garments we must conclude that the Bockster drama was enacted in the depths of winter, and in all probability their owner was a gentleman of some standing, in spite of the simplicity of his attire.

Travellers in those days of murder and sudden death would not wish to draw attention to themselves by wearing anything that might be worth marauders attacking them and stripping them of the gold or ornaments they carried.

But here the traveller wore well-cut unmended garments, each apparently matching the other, and though the style might be that worn by every self-respecting peasant of the day, their uniformity and lack of obvious patching—which was all too prevalent amongst the poorer classes—make us believe that he was a gentleman of quality.

The hose, cut on the cross of the material and suspended by leather thongs to the belt beneath the tunic, had been worn in a similar fashion since the beginning of the twelfth century. The full-skirted tunic and semi-circular cloak are equally undatable, being the most simple and useful garments for the workman or traveller for nearly 200 years.

It is from the hood that we can obtain some rough idea of the date on which the unfortunate voyager met his death. These hoods, complete with shaped gorget and long liripipe, were worn from about 1300 to 1370, and served, particularly in cold weather, as a very suitable and cosy head-covering.

Below—A WAYFARER OF THE 14TH CENTURY: This remarkable picture shows a man wearing the ancient costume which was recently brought to light in the Bocksten marshes of Sweden. It still retains its shape and colour to a quite astonishing degree

THE EARLIEST KNOWN PAINTING OF HIGHLAND DRESS

A Portrait by Joseph Michael Wright at the R.A. Exhibition of Scottish Art

This striking portrait of a highland chieftain in the Royal Academy Exhibition of Scottish Art was painted by Joseph Michael Wright (1625–1700) and is particularly remarkable in that it is the earliest known painting of highland dress. It belongs to the period when the kilt formed part of a folded plaid, wholly different to the separate garment we know to-day—a product, legend relates, of Sassenach inspiration. The bonnet with its jaunty feather and the slashed gold lace doublet—typical of English fashion in the seventeenth century—make a rather strange contrast with the plaid. The picture was at one time believed to represent the Earl of Moray, but it is possible that it is really John Campbell, 6th Earl of Breadalbane (1635–1715), a captain of the Royal Scots. Wright, the artist, was a pupil of the great Jamesone and painted many sitters of eminence during the Restoration period. As a portraitist he was regarded by most of his contemporaries as second only to Lely, but Pepys—possibly in a liverish moment—wrote ill of him

"THE PAINTER'S WIFE," BY ALLAN RAMSAY (1713-1784): This striking portrait in the Royal Academy Winter Exhibition of Scottish Art at Burlington House evidences Ramsay's habit of introducing a flower motif, just as Lely was wont to place his sitters in silken robes, treating them in the classic manner. This was Ramsay's second wife. She was the elder daughter of Sir Alexander Lindsay

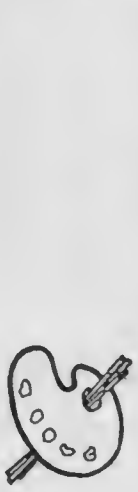
"SELF-PORTRAIT," BY DAVID MARTIN (1736-1798): This artist, who studied under Allan Ramsay and became a successful portraitist in Ramsay's style, depicts himself in a black coat, crimson waistcoat, and loose white shirt. As the picture is dated 1760 Martin was twenty-four years of age at the time. The picture is now in the possession of the Scottish National Gallery at Edinburgh

A MASTERPIECE OF CHIAROSCURO: Raeburn's magnificent painting of The Dr in the Scottish Art Exhibition, revealing, as it does, the painter's daring vir equalled by no modern painter. The downward ray from left to right str very much the same as that employed in film studios to-day. Why 20th centur

SCOTTISH ART AT BURLINGTON HOUSE: R

"The Drummond Children"; a canvas that has aroused the greatest admiration ting of virtuosity with regard to lighting effects which, it is safe to say, have been er's daring ht strikes first one figure and then the next, the lighting technique being eft to century painters choose to scorn such an effective method is not easy to fathom Why 20

A STUDY IN CONTEMPLATION: A fine portrait of his mother by Allan Ramsay, whose pictures have a room to themselves in the Royal Academy Exhibition. Although Ramsay was a busy man, leaving his aids to fill in the lesser details of his canvases, it is highly likely that this picture is all his own work, being in the nature of a labour of love. Ramsay's usual flower motif is absent in this case



A DARING EXAMPLE OF BACK LIGHTING is provided by this detail of Raeburn's portrait of "Sir John and Lady Clerk." Raeburn stands pre-eminent among Scottish portraitists for the masculine power, vitality, and strength of his characterisation, and there is no doubt that his use of chiaroscuro effects was a big factor contributing to this pre-eminence

USE: RAEBURN, A MASTER OF FILMIC EFFECTS

THE PUSEY DRINKING-HORN: This fine piece of medieval workmanship, which has just been gifted to the Victoria and Albert Museum, has been in the possession of the Pusey family from the 15th century, if not longer, and legend has it that it was presented to a Pusey by Canute for saving him from an ambuscade

A DRINKING-HORN OF THE DAYS OF KING CANUTE

A Rare Gift to the Victoria and Albert Museum: A Treasure Owned by the Pusey Family Since Medieval Times

ONE of the only five remaining English drinking-horns of medieval workmanship has just been presented to the Victoria and Albert Museum by the widow of Philip Bouverie-Pusey. This excellent example has been in the possession of the Puseys—an old Berkshire family—at least since its inscription some time during the fifteenth century. The horn itself may, of course, be considerably older, as the legend to which the inscription refers states that King Canute, whilst in camp in the neighbourhood of Pusey, with the Saxons only a few miles distant, received the information of an intended ambuscade from an officer in his army, who had been reconnoitring the enemy camp disguised as a shepherd.

The officer's warning proved timely and the King consequently escaped the danger and presented the Manor of Pusey to his informant and his heirs for this service. The land was to be held by the tenure of this horn, which was carefully preserved by the Pusey family until 1935.

Quite possibly the original mounts were ultimately renewed some time during the fifteenth century, and the silversmith engaged to make a copy of the inscription succeeded in making a double mistake. The inscription transcribed reads:

"I Kyng Knowde geve Wyllym Pecote thys horne to holde thy lond"

It is probable that Canute's name had been spelt "Knowte" and Pusey's as "Pewse" and the "w" was mistaken for "co" and the long "s" for a "t."

There is something extraordinarily life-like in the horn as it stands on its claw carved legs, which gives it an air of tolerant and amused observation and intelligence—it is undoubtedly an object full of character.

An ornamental band with a sheeps-head finial decorates the small end, whilst the inscription band, to which the legs are fastened, has a delicately-worked edge of the leaf-and-bead variety. There is a plain lip-band, but yet another band, which was originally situated some 4 ins. from the end, is missing.

✣ ✣ ✣

On left—
A DISCONSOLATE FIGURE: This child sculpture is another charming addition to the Victoria and Albert Museum and constitutes a fine example of English monumental sculpture of the late seventeenth century

A Gem of 17th-Century Sculpture at the V. and A.

Another entirely different, but very charming addition to the Victoria and Albert is a pair of mourning children. These little figures have been welcomed by the department of Architecture and Sculpture as excellent examples of the best type of English monumental sculpture of the late seventeenth century.

The more attractive of the two is shown in the accompanying picture. The attitude and expression of the child is delightfully realistic, and its baby curves and dimples are immediately appealing and pathetic, revealing a rare sympathy on the part of the sculptor.

There are in existence quite a number of similar seated and standing allegorical figures of children.

Iris Brooke

Gentlemen!

your **Johnnie Walker—**

In the stately homes of England, Johnnie Walker is very much at home. In the most distinguished circles this fine whisky takes its place, as to the Manor born. For there is an aristocracy among Scotch whiskies. And only the very finest of them—*all* the very finest of them—mellowed and matured by time and blended with traditional skill, are assembled in every bottle of Johnnie Walker.

"Thanks a lot—"

WILLS'S GOLD FLAKE IS THE MAN'S
CIGARETTE THAT WOMEN LIKE

CLASH OF COIFFURES: Film-producer Walter Wanger arriving at the gala opening of Hollywood's new Earl Carroll Theatre-Restaurant in company with lovely Joan Bennett, who has adopted the new Edwardian hair fashion, and her sister, Constance, who evidently prefers a more individual style. *Below*—A noted film colony quartette who also attended the opening. Left to right—Marlene Dietrich, Dolores Del Rio, Sally Eilers, and Lily Damita

From the FEMININE ANGLE

THEY TELE-MARKED THEIR ENGAGEMENT by going to Earls Court for a ski-run on the artificially-created snow slopes there. Mr. Colin Wyatt, the ace ski-jumper, pictured with his fiancée, Miss Mary Barrett

THE FIRST WOMAN TO BE TELEVISED FROM EUROPE TO AMERICA: Television star Joan Miller, one of the leading lights in the Alexandra Palace studios, whose performance on November 3 was seen by viewers in America, the Radio Corporation of America reporting that the programme in which she appeared came through with remarkable clarity

A.R.P. IN PRACTICE:

Evidence of what is Being Done in Various Parts of the United Kingdom to Solve the Problems of Passive Defence

CARDIFF INTRODUCES THE MOBILE HOSPITAL

A Brilliant Idea that Should be Copied in Other Centres

READY FOR THE ROAD: Cardiff's A.R.P. emergency ambulance or mobile hospital which was prepared during the recent crisis, one of the city corporation's motor buses being converted so that in the event of an air raid it could rush to the scene of a bomb explosion where the doctor and his assistants would pick up the more seriously wounded and operate on them on the spot. It is proposed to use the bus in peace-time for an obstetrical emergency flying squad, the establishment of which has been urged in maternal mortality reports

INSIDE THE MOBILE HOSPITAL: A view of one end of the Cardiff A.R.P. emergency ambulance showing a doctor standing before the operating table on the right and on the left the arrangement of the stretchers where the patients would be tended while awaiting operation. The cost of converting the bus was £95, and of the equipment £55, making a total of £150. For the time being the corporation proposes to have a fleet of four of these buses, two being specially reserved for gas-contaminated cases and two for non-gas-contaminated cases

From the viewpoint of national organisation A.R.P. is in a state of flux. In various parts of the country, however, much valuable work of an individual character is being carried out, the pictures on this page bearing testimony to the fact. Cardiff's contribution to A.R.P. is particularly notable, and there is no doubt that the idea of a mobile hospital, enabling operations to be carried out at the scene of a bomb explosion, is one that could be followed with wisdom by centres in other parts of the country. Regarding this scheme, Dr. J. Greenwood Wilson, the Medical Officer of Health, sends us the following facts:—

The vehicle chosen was a single-deck bus, which, although old enough to be replaced for passenger traffic by vehicles of more modern design, is eminently suitable for its new purpose. The chocolate, red, and yellow colouring of the bodywork has given way to the white of medical service. Glass windows, because splinterable, were removed, and the apertures filled with matching and gas-tight bodywork. The seats are replaced by two-tier stretcher racks running the length of the bus with a gangway between, which gives ample room to walk and work. The racks on the off side have six stretchers, and the near side two. The stretchers are entirely of steel.

The HOME OFFICE MAKES a MODEL SHELTER

Successful Experimental Design Built at Chatham

EMERGING FROM CHATHAM'S EXPERIMENTAL A.R.P. SHELTER which has been built in accordance with a Home Office design and the advantages of which have been widely approved. The shelter goes 7 ft. below the ground and is stoutly timbered-up and protected by sand-bags. It is possible that in the near future the design will be adopted as standard by local authorities in many parts of the country

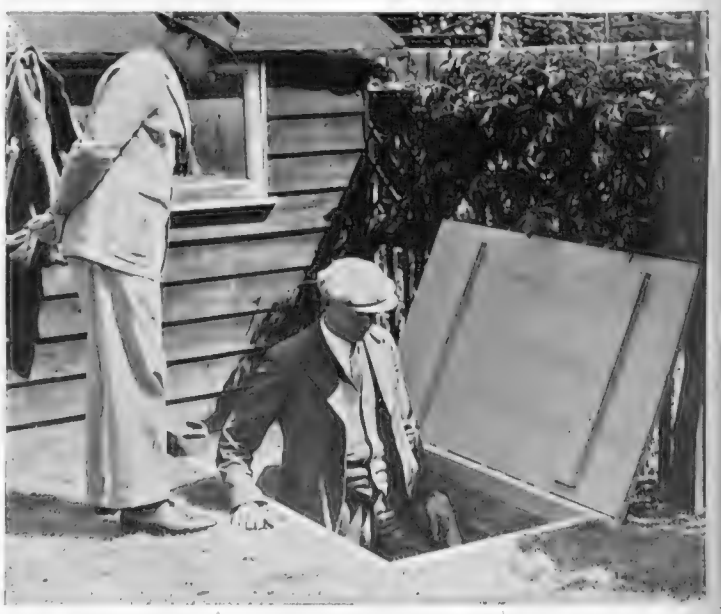
HOW IT SHOULD BE DONE: An interior view of the Home Office's experimental trench at Chatham. It is 5 ft. wide and 7 ft. deep, while sheet-iron covers the roof timbering and helps to hold up the weight of earth. An electric lighting system has been installed and duly protected from the harmful effects of damp. *On left*—In case the main exit should be blocked, three emergency exits of this type have been constructed, the tops having special gas-proof shutters

DUBLIN POLICE STAGE AN A.R.P. REHEARSAL:

Mock Mustard Gas in Phoenix Park

On left—DUBLIN'S CIVIC GUARDS PARADING IN GAS MASKS AT THEIR PHOENIX PARK HEADQUARTERS: A picture taken last week when they had their first rehearsal in the art of protecting the populace during air attacks. Mock mustard gas shells were exploded and a decontamination squad dressed in rubber boots, oil-skins, eye-shields and steel helmets drenched the affected area with powder to neutralise the gas liquid

WHAT THE PRIVATE CITIZEN IS DOING



THE ENTRANCE TO A HOME-MADE BOMB-PROOF SHELTER which has been excavated in a back garden at Northcote Road, Sidcup, Kent, at a cost of £95. A gas-proof door covers the entrance, being the only outward evidence of the shelter's existence, and, as will be seen in the picture above on right, the interior has been neatly bricked

PUTTING THE FINISHING TOUCHES to the home-made A.R.P. shelter which has been excavated beneath a back garden in Sidcup, Kent. Over 200 tons of earth had to be removed by pick and shovel before the bricklaying and carpentry work could begin. Later it will be furnished with all essentials

THIS GAS-PROOF PERAMBULATOR has been made in his spare time by Mr. E. W. Mills, a nurseryman of Hextable, Kent, and has met with the approval of the local A.R.P. committee. The pram has a Triplex glass window above the baby's head, an air valve, a gas filter protected from damp by a cowling, and a large bulb which when pressed forces the stale air out through the valve, new air being let in at the same time via the filter. *Below*—Another view of the pram showing the patent lid laid open

HOW HOLLAND IS TACKLING A.R.P.

Unofficial Effort Is at Present Preferred

By ROY ELSTON

AMSTERDAM. DECEMBER, 1938.

THE fact that we live no longer in conditions either of peace or of war, but rather in those of war, or suspended war, sufficiently excuses me, to my conscience, for taking up the subject of air-raid precautions on the eve of Christmas.

Meanwhile, all we can work upon is the knowledge that danger in one form or another is imminent. A.R.P., and the newly-proposed Air Defence League, are expressions of that knowledge, and, in their way, are comforting: the feeling that one is doing something is probably of greater worth, ultimately, than the thing one does.

All the same, it is useful to see what others are doing, and perhaps learn a thing or two in the process. Holland, for example, has had its A.R.P. and Air Defence organisations for nearly two years now. They are based on different principles from those adopted in England. In some important respects they seem to me to be better—above all, in their guiding motive, which is to reassure the population, and not to frighten it.

A.R.P. in Holland is in the hands of an association known as the *Nederlandsche Vereeniging voor Luchtbescherming*, the Netherlands Association for Protection against Air Attack. It was formed in 1936 by a group of influential Dutchmen seated at The Hague, and was quickly recognised by the Government as an extremely useful auxiliary service. It went to work quietly and effectively; called for members and subscriptions, and got them; issued brochures and a monthly magazine; gave lectures, with lantern slides and movies; persuaded the Government to subsidise it.

The avoidance of quarrels interested me. I had called on Mr. Bogaardt, secretary to the association, in the modest headquarters at The Hague. "How," I asked, "do you make things run so smoothly, Mr. Bogaardt? Is it a secret?"

"A simple one," he replied. "We keep the association free from all government or municipal interference. People don't like being told what to do by civil servants and municipal busybodies. They will do it much more readily if asked by a fellow-citizen who is not in the same boat with tax-collectors and policemen. An association like ours is, moreover, less concerned with *amour propre* and red tape than it would be if state and municipal departments had the running of it."

"That sounds convincing, Mr. Bogaardt," said I, drawing contentedly at one of his Sumatran cigars—the first thing a Dutch gentleman does with his interviewer is to silence him with a cigar—"That sounds convincing, but surely you have not the same means as the Government to reach the whole population and get them organised."

"Exactly the same. Perhaps more," he replied. This is accomplished, in the first place, by the establishment of enthusiastic organising committees in every town in the country, and in the second place, with the active co-operation of both government and municipality. This official co-operation in no way harms the non-official character of the movement. It is one thing to have an official organisation with voluntary co-operation, and quite another to have a voluntary organisation with official co-operation.

The Government realises this, and has decided to take no steps for the formation of official A.R.P. bodies, but to help the association where it can, and to use it when the need arises. The Government made considerable use of the association during the recent war scare. It issued no decrees or proclamations concerning air raid precautions, but caused to be issued, through the association, such instructions and advice as were thought necessary.

I have before me a manifesto, of which 1,000,000 copies were printed by the association, at the request of the Government, for distribution during the September–October crisis. It is headed: "Netherlands Association for Protection against Air Attack," and gives simple instructions how to act on the alarm being given, during the attack, and when the attack has passed. The instructions are simple and clear. Any citizen could perform them easily. But the important thing is that they lack the frightening quality of an official proclamation, and issue from an association in which, gradually, practically every man and woman in the country, as member, will feel he or she has a personal interest. Government, state or municipal, benevolent or otherwise, is always regarded by the individual as something outside, and hostile to, his real personal interests. And the more democratic the government, the stronger that feeling.

"We are a body," said Mr. Bogaardt, "designed to organise *passive* resistance to air attack; not active resistance." Naturally, the association instructs the citizen in the technique of self-protection—what he should do in the house, on the street, far from home; how a trench should be built; how to make an air-raid shelter; what to do against explosive bombs, incendiary bombs, gas bombs; and how to make himself useful to his fellow citizens. It issues all sorts of pamphlets on these subjects, and gives lectures all over the country—the kind of lectures all can understand. Mr. Bogaardt's assistant ran off a reel of propaganda film for me, using an apparatus that costs only £10, can be carried in a case like a small handbag, and can be fitted to any electric-light plug. It can be set up in two minutes in any village schoolroom.

But the emphasis of the association's propaganda is essentially the moral emphasis. It says, in effect, the danger is not half what it seems. Precaution is necessary, even essential; but if you won't follow all our instructions, follow this one: *Don't get scared:* that will reduce the risk by 50 per cent. Keep the rest of our simple rules and the risk will be reduced by another 40 per cent. So you see? The airmen are not the devastating birds they think they are.

"We have committees established in 350 Dutch municipalities," went on Mr. Bogaardt. "Those committees are, so to speak, master-cells. Their job is to create cells with a smaller radius. All cells endeavour to get the support of every citizen within their separate ranges of action. They will instruct, assist and inspect; and in time of war they should be able to strengthen not only the physical defence of the nation, but also, and above all, the moral defence. We keep in view the fact that, to enemy aircraft, a nation's most vulnerable point is its moral defence. And the great danger is that by too much organisation, too many instructions, and too officious warnings, a nation may weaken its own moral defence, and cause fear where it ought really to create an atmosphere of confidence."

The Dutch association is concentrating at the moment on its womenfolk. Holland is a conscript country, and in time of European war, even though Holland may not be directly involved, practically the whole of the male population between the ages of eighteen and forty-five may be called up. The normal business of the country will therefore be run for the most part by women; and certainly the responsibility for the home will rest almost wholly upon the charming shoulders of the Dutch women.

It will be the women, therefore, who will be called upon to take measures for their own, their children's and their home's safety against air attack. The association has been worrying a lot about this question, and has at length hit upon the idea of drawing within its orbit all the various women's associations, clubs and societies in the country. It is proving to be an excellent idea. The association, club, or society is induced to tack itself on to the Air Association, receives certain privileges by taking this course, and, in return, opens its entire membership to the influence and propaganda of the air raid precautionists.

It is all going ahead very quietly and successfully. If it is given time, the Netherlands Association should be able to teach the Dutchman how to treat air-raids for what they are worth. The world, including Holland, has been frightened more than it deserves.

GREER GARSON AS "MRS. CHIPS" in the British picture, *Goodbye, Mr. Chips*, which is now being made at Denham and in which she plays opposite Robert Donat (*below*), who takes the part of the beloved schoolmaster. *On left*—A new portrait of Miss Garson

SPEECH DAY AT BROOKFIELD: Mr. Chips (Robert Donat; right) is greeted by one of Donat's former pupils. A shot from the Metro-Goldwyn screen version of James Hilton's best-selling novel. Donat, as the hero, has to play the varying ages of a man, first slightly younger than himself, then slightly older, and eventually decades older—a sure test of acting ability, which he will doubtless come through with flying colours. Meanwhile Donat's latest success, *The Citadel*, is proving a great box-office draw both in England and America

How Will the Public Re

A Gamble with Popular Ta to Succeed: A Picture wh Brings Gilbert and Sulliva Wider Audience that it ha

MR. GEOFFREY TOYE made a wise and welcome remark in his speech at a lunch to launch the film version of *The Mikado*, for which he has been so largely responsible, since he has supervised musical and other arrangements in addition to bringing the whole scheme into being.

"I have made it my policy" he said, "not to play down to the public." That may be said to have a general as well as a particular application; in other words, not only has offence to Gilbert and Sullivan purists been avoided but it is assumed that the film public as a whole does not consist of nit-wits. How far Mr. Toye is unduly an optimist remains to be seen. I hope, and think, that it will be justified.

I have been pretty persistent in my contention that the millions who go to the cinema and the rather fewer millions who go to the theatre have for the most part far more intelligence than many of the big-wigs of both enterprises give them credit for. *The Mikado* film is a lovely thing to look at, it is well acted and beautifully sung and there need be no grave-turning by either Gilbert or Sullivan. But of that more anon. What I object to as being utterly wrong is the view, rather widely expressed after the first representation of this novel experiment by certain film enthusiasts, both professional and non-professional, that the production is all very well in its way but that it is of the *genus* museum-piece, that it is the stuff our poor silly grandparents might have enjoyed, but is not by a long chalk good enough for the modern generation, and that the scenario-writers and musicians of Hollywood would never have turned out such rather lovable old tripe as this, though, of course, they could do so on their heads if they wished.

Now, it is true that few things date so swiftly as humour. The jokes of 1885 are not the jokes of 1939, and the Gilbertian mode, even in this masterpiece, is a trifle *démodé* in spots. But Gilbert at his worst has infinitely more wit in him than can be found in all the comedy films put together. American wise-cracks and swing music have their important place and their popular interpreters; I would not have it otherwise, any more than I would care to see Miss Ginger Rogers as Yum-Yum and Mr. Fred Astaire as Ko-Ko. There are those, however, who would see the wise-crack monopolising every production and being cracked in the most unsuitable circumstances (as, in fact, it was in the *Marie Antoinette* film). Such folk are satisfied with dialogue of the "Aw, gwan!" and "Say, listen!" and "So yer can't take it, huh!" order. Let 'em be, so far as I care. But Mr. Toye is probably right in considering that they are in a minority, just as certain Leaders of Film Thought are wrong in looking with patronising contempt on any fare not designed specially to appeal to them.

"Mighty" and "Glorious."—

The Mikado is filmed (according to the programme) "in glorious technicolor," technicolor being, in film lingo, invariably "glorious," just as organs in cinema theatres are always "mighty." It is about time they changed the bowling a bit and dubbed the technicolor "mighty" and the organs "glorious," except that cinema organs are not at all glorious and are rendered less glorious by cinema organists, who make them wobble and bleat with horrid vulgarity.

The street scenes and the interiors are in every sense artistic—Japanesy, with fantastic exaggeration, but not too much of it. Probably Gilbert would have jibbed at that smiling idol whose swollen stomach served as a cupboard and as a hiding-place for Ko-Ko, but no matter. The musical side, with the London Symphony Orchestra and the D'Oyly Carte chorus, conducted by Mr. Toye, is immaculate. Some "cuts" have had to be made since the opera is compressed into an hour and a half or so, film audiences, for some mysterious reason, abhorring an interval as heartily as nature abhors a vacuum and as I abhor the noise of a vacuum-cleaner. The "I've Got a Little List" song, for instance, has gone—a pity, for the cinema organist should assuredly have figured on that list. But the "merry madrigal" is sung (and sung very well, too), this affording one of the few instances of over-familiar film technique—i.e., the notion that what is talked or sung about must at once be shown. For when we get to the part about bells going a-ding-dong we at once see a Japanese belfry (are there such things?) with bells swinging to and fro.

The "Prologue," giving the story in brief with some scenic illustrations, is, of course, a novelty, but probably a necessary one.

First in acting and singing honours—a dead-heat—I would place Miss Jean Colin as Yum-Yum and Mr. Sydney Granville as Pooh-Bah—the former a recruit to G. and S. and the latter a well-tried veteran. Miss Colin, always a clever little actress, a good singer and as pretty as a peach, has occasionally allowed a certain over-winsomeness to creep into some of her stage performances. In the film she has

THE VILE ZABEL: Michel Simon as he appears in *Quai des Brumes*, an outstanding French film which has been received with considerable enthusiasm in Paris and was this week presented at the Academy Cinema, Oxford Street

ON STAGE AND SCREEN:

A POLYGLOT QUARTETTE: Helen Viola Wilson (Scottish), and Marjorie S.S. *Franconia* as they arrived in D'Oyly Carte company which is season at the Martin Beck Theatre, will be going on to Philadelphia.

E ACT TO THE MIKADO FILM?

ar Taste that Fully Deserves e which for the First Time ll van Light Opera to the il has Always Merited

MADELEINE CARROLL RETURNS TO ENGLAND: The British star pictured with her husband, Captain Philip Astley, on arrival at Heston. She has asked the King and Queen to visit Hollywood during their forthcoming tour

By PHILIP PAGE

shed this completely. I have never seen a better Yum-Yum. Mr. Granville is even more blandly amusing on the screen than he is on the stage. Mr. Kenny Baker, the Nanki-Poo, is a very Yanki-Poo. As he has a good tenor voice, can act, and has a pleasant personality, I do not see that the American accent matters much, if at all. It is not any more absurd for the Mikado's son and heir to talk American than English. For the whole thing is a brilliant absurdity.

Mr. John Barclay is a saturnine and sonorous Mikado. Mr. Martyn Green, the Ko-Ko, is apt to forget that stage comic methods may frequently seem forced in a different medium, but his "Tit-Willow" song was perfect. Miss Constance Willis showed by her Katisha what an asset as a "heavy contralto" she would be to the permanent D'Oyly Carte company.

"Juggernaut."—When persecution is the theme of a play, it is only natural that sympathy should be handed to the persecuted. In that the hero of *Juggernaut*, presented by the Repertory Players for a performance at the Aldwych Theatre, is a Jew, both an uncommonly good sort and a brilliant doctor, who is eventually driven to suicide by Nazi oppression, this is a propaganda play. It is not ostensibly pro-Red but it is violently and unmistakably anti-Hitler.

The point about it with which I am more immediately concerned is that, whatever its political views, it is a tense drama, and a first-rate entertainment. That it will pretty soon start a regular run in the West End is more than probable.

Comparative sketches of pre-war and post-war Vienna—the period covered extends from 1914 to the present day—can hardly fail to be depressing, even if dramatically so. Here the miracle is worked, and although we see every step in the progress of an attractive young Jewish doctor, from his marriage, just before the outbreak of war, with the daughter of a particularly Christian and unquestionably aristocratic family of Viennese vintage, to his death as the result of insensate cruelty, the play never ceases to be alive.

The clever cast played with powerful reticence; for if either authors or actors had over-coloured the picture it would have meant much less, both politically and dramatically. They included Mr. Leo Genn (the doctor); Mr. Kynaston Reeves as an Austrian nobleman of the old school proceeding from tyranny in his own home to senility in somebody else's; Miss Helen Haye, and Mr. Harold Warrender, who provided amid the tragedy comedy which did not jar, because he is a clever actor and because his part was written with subtlety.

A Soviet Film.—The desirability or otherwise of propaganda on stage or film is too big a subject for discussion here, and possibly too dull a one. What I object to in film propaganda so far as London is concerned is that it is one-sided, and all of it on the Left side. With this, however, comes the comforting reflection that it is almost always so childishly ineffective that it is hardly likely to convince anybody. It preaches solely to the converted.

The odds, for instance, are heavily against the Russian film, *Lone White Sail*, adapted from a novel by Valentin Kataev, making a solitary recruit to Communism, a recruit, that is to say, possessing any other than a sub-normal intelligence. I noticed many signs of enthusiasm at the New Gallery the other Sunday afternoon over this Film Society presentation; but the enthusiasts were facially and sartorially of the familiar slogan-shouting type which spends most of its Sunday afternoons marching about the streets with red banners anathematising Mr. Chamberlain.

The film is about children, is acted partly by children, and shows every sign of having been evolved, directed and designed by children, though that, of course, is not the case. In view of this it was rather a pity that children could not see it, the Society's leaflet stating that "Members are reminded that in accordance with the L.C.C. regulations children under the age of 16 years are not allowed to attend the Society's performances."

The story is a sequel to the *Battleship Potemkin* film, and shows how a sailor who had joined in that famous mutiny escaped, hid on board an excursion steamer, and was concealed and succoured generally by a couple of little boys. Much point is made of the brutal Tsarist police (the year is 1905) torturing children and bashing an old man over the head. They also gallop through the streets breaking up the meetings organised by workers who are demanding liberty and freedom of speech. In the glorious Soviet fatherland of to-day no sort of meeting agin' the Government could even begin to occur, and anyone rash enough to attempt to organise one would be "liquidated" before he could say Jack Robinson or Josef Stalin.

The two boys (who really acted rather well), were depicted as lovable little liquidators-in-embryo, the crowning achievement of one of them being to push a wicked Government spy over a cliff, to the cheers and laughter of the audience.

When the film, which is far too long, ended, "God Save the King" was played, and a comrade behind me said loudly, "And they call this a free country!" I wonder—which means that I don't wonder—what would happen if permission were asked for the showing of a pro-monarchist anti-revolutionary film in Moscow.

Roberts (Irish), Maysie Dean (English), Appleton (Welsh) seen on board the New York with other members of the now giving a 9½-week Gilbert and Sullivan New York City. Later the company Washington, New Haven, and Boston

'SHE'S A GENUINE PEDIGREE PUP, I PROCURED HER AT GREAT COST," says Marco Polo (Griffith Jones) to Princess Kukachin (Catherine Lacey). An episode from Eugene O'Neill's brilliant satirical comedy, *Marco Millions*, which has been extremely well received at the Westminster Theatre. A review of the play by Philip Page appeared in last week's issue of "The Sphere"

A TALE OF WILD WEST LAWLESSNESS: Wayne Morris and Claire Trevor are featured together in *Valley of the Giants*, a new Warner picture telling of pioneer life in the Californian lumber industry. The story bears a certain resemblance to *Gold is Where You Find It*, and, like that film, is in technicolor

BEAUTY ON BOARD

✣

Simple Routines are best,
Whether you Brown or remain Fair

IF you are spending a holiday in the sun, pack all the little-girl clothes you can find into your trunk. Crisp cottons, full-skirted, with schoolgirl blouses. The briefest of shorts with long-sleeved shirts. Checked slacks with woven-silk sweaters. It is smart to wear dark tops with light shorts or skirts, and it is smarter still to wear stripes, clear and wide and brilliant. And it is smartest of all to keep a delicately-tinted complexion, proofed against burning and browning.

Ship-board beauty routine must be simple, or it is doomed to failure, and your best investment is a well-planned beauty case. First and foremost, whether you want to stay fair or to tan, you will need a really good emollient milk for cleansing the skin and keeping it soft. Use it frequently during the day, and powder your face very lightly while it is still slightly moist. Unless your skin is delicate you will probably be better in the heat without any powder foundation, but the soothing and penetrating qualities of the milk are vitally important.

Always at night use a cream that will nourish your skin but that is light in weight. There is a special cream for sensitive skins which is a joy to use, since it seems to melt into the face, livening it, and keeping it clear and firm. It is the sort of cream that you cannot afford to be without, even if you do not use such things as a rule. It is not sticky and it can be wiped away in a moment, but it will remove all traces of those tiny wrinkles that strong light etches round the eyes and mouth.

At night you can romanticise yourself as much as you like. A liquid powder foundation will give your skin a transparent smoothness that will not be disturbed right through the evening. There is one that is made in various excellent shades, and it is a good plan to buy it in small bottles so that, if you brown at all, you can use the deeper colours as time goes on. Play the same tricks with your powder. It is always better to have a powder specially blended for you (and in London it costs nothing), and you can then ask for a little dark brown that you can deepen the rest of your powder with when necessary.

One thing more. If your legs are not as smooth as you would like them to be, have a wax treatment before you set out on your travels. It does not hurt, but it removes every trace of hair so effectively that it is very slow to grow again.

If you would like to know more about any of these preparations, or if you have any other beauty questions you would like answered, please write to **Olive Caley-Smith**

For setting out, and for shore excursions, a charmingly simple frock of soft grey Vigoureux, with a shirt top and a pleated skirt, and a jacket of red-striped tweed. It is called Vacation, costs 9½ guineas, and comes from Marshall and Snelgrove, where they have it in other very attractive colours as well

The perfect steamer and travel coat, light and warm and gloriously comfortable. Made in natural coloured Miami fleece, the circular fullness falls from blocked shoulders, and the triangle collar pulls up over the head and forms a hood. It costs 7½ guineas and is a Younger Set coat from Harrods

You cannot get along without a good cruising wrap. Here is a new one in crisp cotton lined with Terry towelling. It fastens down the front with a zip and has a sash that can be tied back or front. It comes from Harrods, where dress-length cruise wraps cost only 39s. 6d.

Slacks you certainly must have, and it is essential that they should be well cut. These, in navy or grey worsted flannel, cost 39s. 6d. at Harrods, and another guinea buys the rayon-and-wool shirt, striped in either vivid or pastel colours

Earl Cadogan, the Master of the Grafton, with Huntsman Will Pope beside him, addressing young followers on the etiquette of the hunting field in the drawing-room at Whittlebury Lodge, near Towcester, Northants, on the occasion of the annual children's meet. Many of the big hunts now hold children's meets during the Christmas holidays, and they are of great value in teaching youngsters good manners in the hunting field and consideration for farmers and all concerned

TIPS for the YOUNG ENTRY

A SUSSEX WORTHY: Meet Mr. Thomas Keen who hails from the Petworth district and, despite the fact that he is in his ninetieth year, continues with the craft of laddermaking at which he is an expert. He is seen here being watched by an admiring youngster as he shapes a new rung

On left—SUNSHINE AND SNOW IN LAKELAND: A delightful winter picture taken at the foot of Langdale Pikes where the snow has persisted

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

A SPATE OF NEW YEAR FICTION

In "The Devil We Know" Pamela Frankau Writes Her Best Novel to Date: Richard Church Evidences that a Poet's Prose Can be a Delight

Reviewed by VERNON FANE

AMONG the earliest books of the new year novels predominate, which I must say surprises me, for the figures for 1938 reveal a heavy slump in fiction. Perhaps it is that fiction is the publishers' idea of a happy new year, or maybe they think a novel a better antidote to those envelopes marked O.H.M.S. than the latest catalogue of horrors eye-witnessed by journalists roving inside Europe.

They are a good-looking batch, these new novels, in their bright jackets with blurbs burbling optimism, and nothing but gorgeous praise for what the author has written before. Miss Pamela Frankau's, for instance, all dressed up in Brighton-rock-pink with a tasteful blue band informing us that **THE DEVIL WE KNOW** (Heinemann. 8s.) is the January choice of the Book Society.

This particular blue riband pleases me, especially since I have always thought Miss Frankau was a better novelist than the critical mandarins have hitherto allowed. Her faults have been a tendency to diffuseness and the wasting of her undoubted gift for taut, descriptive prose upon character and action unworthy of that talent.

The Devil We Know is by far the best she has ever done and is very nearly a very good novel indeed. For me a test of a work of fiction is that I find myself thinking about its characters long after I have finished the book. Miss Frankau has succeeded in making Philip Meyer so real to me that I have been seeing his prototype ever since, in the streets, in buses, in restaurants, anywhere where there is a representative crowd.

Moreover, I must confess to an initial prejudice against novels which pose problems of race consciousness. I seem already to know all about those injustices to the Irish, or the difficulties of being a Jew. Being English I am never unduly worried when someone refers to Englishmen in my presence, and the same, I imagine, applies to the average Chinese, and I have always been a little irritated when, at the mention of the word Irish, Paddy's hackles rise; and that is only comparable to the atmosphere of falling masonry which follows a mention of his race when a Jew is about.

The prejudice, silly enough in itself, is nevertheless shared by many people who like to think themselves among the most tolerant on earth. For such has Miss Frankau created Philip Meyer and we can be duly grateful that she has drawn the portrait so skilfully as to make us like him well enough to be in agony when he is doing the wrong thing (which he so easily does) and understand him well enough to enjoy the ultimate triumph of his long-drawn-out battle with himself.

Three-quarters of Philip's story occurs during that period of peace before the militant Teuton began bellowing his Aryan doctrines to the accompaniment of the practices of the dark ages. Philip's was a normal English education and he encountered no more difficulties in embarking upon a career than those which beset any young man of his class. At quite an early age he was a successful writer working for the movies. Nevertheless, he was a bad mixer, hyper-sensitive to the point of obsession, always catching himself out in real or supposed social gaffes.

His love affair with Victoria Lloyd turned out too tragically for him to achieve the emotional stability which might have saved him. In the ensuing breakdown he becomes haunted by his own conviction that "to be born a Jew is to be born damned." Meanwhile, Nazism has begun to upset the world and Philip, in desperation turned rebel, finds something of his true self in a battle in which, surprisingly, most decent men and women are on his side.

Except in a brief digression or two, when Miss Frankau feels like amusing herself at the expense of critics and other small fry, she invests her story with the dignity of a universal theme. It is an ambitious novel and very nearly succeeds in earning all those superlatives which reviewers are apt to shower on that which impresses them.

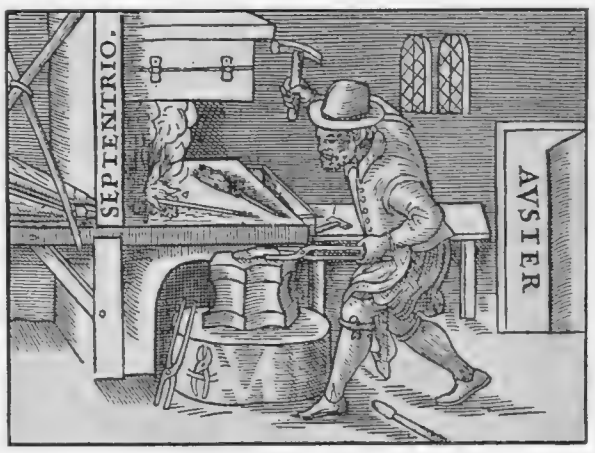
Whereas Miss Frankau's strength is her gift for swift dialogue and a graphic power of narrative, Mr. Richard Church is a master of the reflective school, and like a true poet has an allusive quality which puts a greater imaginative onus upon the reader.

THE STRONGHOLD (Dent. 8s. 6d.) continues the history begun in *The Porch*, of John Quickshott, the Civil Service clerk whose ambition it was to become a great surgeon. When this part of his story opens John is just twenty-one and it is August 4, 1914. How was the war to affect him and his relations with Dorothy when Mouncer, who was one side of the triangle, died? With the war the whole world changes, the aching uncertainty of his medical career is mixed up with other problems of national duty and of his attitude to Dorothy, whose very being he feels to be too insistent.

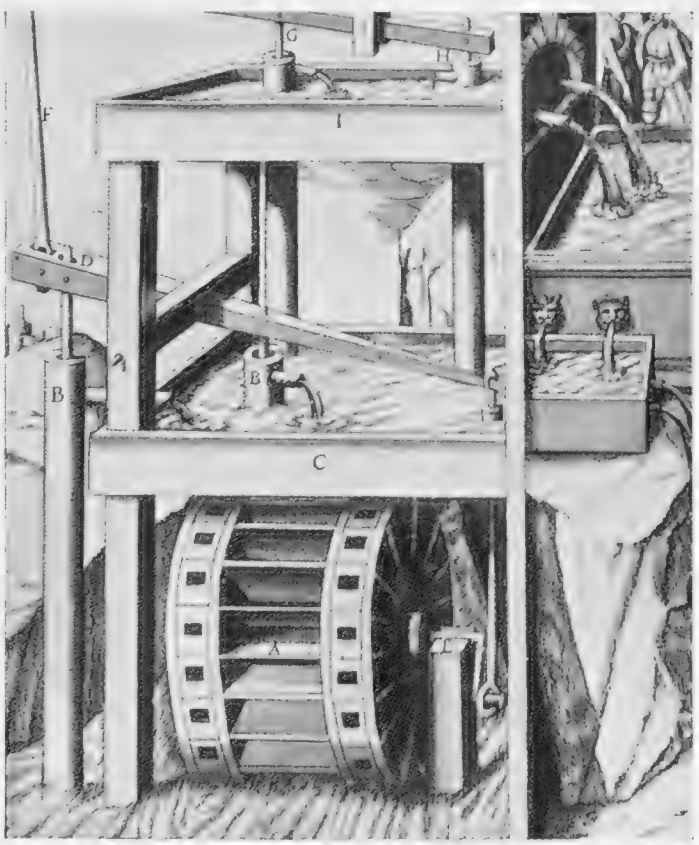
It is Dorothy who goes to France and John who stays at home, walking hospitals in the manner he had dreamed. John and Dorothy, however, are the possessors of some excellent friends and the scope of this story is broadened by some fine character sketches on the theme that you can always tell a man by his friends.

Mr. Church puts many obstacles in the way of those who like the touch of reality, even in fiction. There is a mellifluous quality about his human relationships which might have been made more bearable by a touch of humour. In spite of this, however, a kind of charm pervades his work which is undoubtedly strengthened by its competence, and, of course, a poet's prose is always a delight.

PAMELA FRANKAU, author of *The Devil We Know*, which Vernon Fane reviews at length on this page. It is the January choice of the Book Society



"THE MAGNETISATION OF AN IRON BAR WHEN HAMMERED IN A NORTH-SOUTH POSITION": An early seventeenth-century drawing included in *A Short History of Science* by F. Sherwood Taylor, a most instructive work which has just been published by Messrs. Heinemann (price 8s. 6d.)



"THE INEFFICIENCY OF MACHINES SUCH AS THIS FOR RAISING WATER BY WATER POWER was the chief cause of the development of the steam engine" writes F. Sherwood Taylor in *A Short History of Science*, a book showing the changing attitude of men to science and of science to the external world throughout the ages

Sagas (I almost wrote slabs) of American history dished up in novel form and labelled epic have, in the past few years, become the staple diet of those who make transatlantic best-sellers.

There was old Abe Lincoln and the Civil War (who, by the way, *is* going to play Scarlett O'Hara?), the Kansas war and the Jayhawkers, all those glorious scraps around the North-west Passage, and here we are at last, once again on the doorstep of history, with the Father of his People, George Washington himself, and his epic War of Independence.

None other than General Burgoyne himself provides the title for Mr. Kenneth Roberts's new long historical novel. "They're nothing but a rabble in arms," he said of the army which was to defeat him at Saratoga, so **RABBLE IN ARMS** (Collins. 9s. 6d.) it is. This period of American history abounds in material for an historical novelist with Mr. Roberts's passion for violence on a large scale, the heights and depths of intrigue, scenes demanding a multitude of characters, all acting and talking vociferously, and a hero whose deeds are all of derring-do, and one about whom historians never cease to wrangle.

No one who gets very far into this epic can escape the feeling that Mr. Roberts can be as anti-British as any one of that rabble at arms, but I have no doubt that there are enough people who can bear a *rechauffé* of an ignominious chapter in their country's history to make so long, and therefore satisfying, a story into yet another best-seller.

Rosemary was poor but she was honest. Stilford was a middle-aged old buffer who ought to have known better than to go buying bunches of snowdrops after dinner and offering them to strange young girls who hail him as "darling" in Regent Street.

Stilford, of course, should have gone off home to his genteel suburb, to his respectable wife and spotty-faced son, for he was of that type of civil servant described as sober. He had not even had one over the odd. It was something to do with the spring.

If you are to enjoy Mr. John Brophy's new novel, **THE RIDICULOUS HAT** (Collins. 7s. 6d.), you will have to accept his touching theory that a man of nearly fifty would pick up a girl in such circumstances and be able to put it down to the spring. He took Rosemary home in a taxi ("She stretched out her feet and the movement brought her arm and her hip warm against him") but left her on the doorstep, for he was a nice man—a factory inspector.

In spite of what they were likely to say in Ripplestone, at the tennis club and the amateur dramatic society, in spite of the wife, of whom we are to believe he is genuinely fond, he has to see Rosemary again and learn that she has an illegitimate child, a flashy bad hat of a lover and another young man who wanted to marry her.

A benevolent chivalry is obviously his role. His love for Rosemary has to be what, before Freud was born, novelists called platonic. Indeed his nobility is equal to anything created by a Victorian novelist. It is Stilford's bad luck that, this being 1939, not only is his love unrequited but he has to go back to his wife.

A HARD WINTER FOR HIGHLAND CATTLE

Jackie, the Chimpanzee, Tries His Hand with Liquid Cement: A Rare Arrival from South-western China

IN SHROUDED PASTURES: A pedigree herd of Highland cattle pictured in the grounds of Lays Castle, Inverness-shire, where the snow is over a foot in depth, being so thick, indeed, that they cannot crop the grass. Many farmers and breeders in Scotland have had no other course but to move their cattle to more sheltered areas, and in some cases the herds have been brought within the precincts of farms and residences so that they can receive better attention

HAVING THE TIME OF HIS LIFE: When workmen came to enlarge and strengthen his quarters at London Zoo, Jackie, the chimpanzee, decided to give a helping hand and, for a brief spell, thoroughly enjoyed sloshing liquid cement on to the walls with the aid of a whitewash brush. *On right*—This Golden Snub-nosed monkey—a very rare species indeed—has lately arrived at London Zoo where he is the object of much attention. He comes from south-western China and was brought to England by Major Tangier Smith, the man who also secured the Giant Pandas

ANOTHER TOLL GOES: Sutton Courtenay toll bridge, opened in the reign of George III to span the Thames between Berkshire and Oxfordshire, was last week freed to the public, and to mark this occasion the toll gate was thrown over the bridge

THE DAZZLE PROBLEM

Existing Regulations Do Not Solve the Difficulty

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.
(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands)

MY observations on the road incline me to believe that since the regulations controlling the lighting of motor cars at night came into force the position as regards dazzle is definitely worse rather than better. The regulations in question dealt with a variety of points but perhaps the most important was the limitation made on headlights. Both headlamps were to be capable of being dipped or dimmed but, of course, the absurdity of the whole regulation was that no compulsion was placed on drivers to prevent dazzle although the law compels them to have the necessary means to do so.

Nowadays I find just as many cars coming at me with one headlamp extinguished and the other pointing straight in front as before, which shows that there are either a lot of cars on the road which do not comply with the regulation or the drivers of which are too lazy or inconsiderate to see that their dipping reflector moves when the switch is operated.

I have never yet seen a mobile policeman stop a driver at night time for not dipping or dimming his headlights. Personally, I should think that the officers in blue could be allocated such a job advantageously, and the work that they would do would be of immense benefit to all road users. What is more, the job would be an easy one as it requires very little skill for a man in a car to determine if the lights approaching him have been rendered non-dazzling or not. I am not suggesting that any summonses should be taken out but rather that the "cops" should act as ministers of warning.

At the present moment I am driving a car which is equipped with headlamps in which both reflectors dip at the same time. I find that drivers approaching me imagine I have not acted courteously towards them unless I at first fix the headlamps' beams straight ahead and then operate my dipping switch. It is a curious fact that in this country most drivers imagine that if both lamps on an approaching car are alight they have not been dipped or dimmed, and the instant reaction is for the other driver to make his lamps dazzle as much as possible. Drivers to-day are not any worse than they used to be in this respect but, of course, ten or fifteen years ago one drove most of the time with one's headlamps full on, pointing forwards, and then dipped them when a car approached, the result being that the oncoming driver saw the beams drop.

To-day there is such a continual procession of cars coming along that there is not time to carry out this procedure and so the lamps are usually left in the dipped position. The result on some drivers is as I have stated. I remember well many years ago, in fact, it may have been before the war, a friend of mine had four headlamps on his car, one pair below the other. All were of the same power and when he met another car coming at him he merely switched from one set of lamps to the other. The other driver was, of course, just as dazzled as if the original pair of lamps had been left on, but the fact that he saw two lamps go out and another two light up was quite sufficient to make him believe that he was not being dazzled.

In certain foreign countries headlamps have to be of a certain design and below a stated power before they are permitted to be used on the highways. Now that our roads are becoming so filled with traffic I am beginning to think that it might be better for us all if we had similar regulations in this country, for as I have said a run by night except on secondary roads means driving practically continuously with the headlamps dipped or dimmed. Were such a suggestion adopted it certainly would obviate a considerable amount of complication in lamp design and inconvenience and it would assist in making motorists more kindly disposed towards each other than they are at the moment.

I must really write about the good old Guildford by-pass once again. Some time ago in these notes I mentioned that workmen had arrived at one of the bends and that a lot of plant was being put into position with the object of re-laying the surface. I then had my suspicions that the work to be carried out was actually the super-elevation of one bend. Now that some time has passed I am quite convinced that this is the job in hand. As the Guildford by-pass has not been opened very long and super-elevated corners were known, and I believe many had been constructed in Surrey before the by-pass was completed, it seems an awful pity that this desirable improvement in road construction was not carried out at the time. If I can take the length of time that a squad of men are taking to re-surface the road between Hindhead and Thursley as a measure of the speed at which such operations are completed in Surrey, and if all the bends on the Guildford by-pass, and I believe there are over thirty of them, are to be treated in a like manner, then I reckon that we shall have quite a nice road between Guildford and Milford in ten years' time!

THE FIRST STAGE OF MAN'S CONQUEST OF THE AIR: A drawing depicting the ascent of the Montgolfier hot air balloon from the park at Versailles; a spectacle staged before Louis XVI and his court. This is one of many pictures, models, and diagrams forming the "See How They Fly" exhibition at Shell-Mex House

WITH DALADIER IN TUNISIA (Continued from page 82)

The Caid's fête had a delightful patio setting under the purple, stellar, African night-sky, if some of us preferred to observe the veiled ladies looking down on the proceedings from the white walls enclosing our courtyard. One was a great success, though she will doubtless have to be more discreet with her white veil if she does not desire to encounter trouble later. We sipped wine of palms and toyed with heavyweight pastries, smoked endless cigarettes, and tried not to get too severe a headache from the masculine chanting which accompanied a dance of many aspects, that did not cease for a solid hour. The worst of these Arab shows is that they go on *and* on. We left the Caid's at midnight. He was praising France, in a speech, at 5 a.m.

The reception at Sousse was a stunning piece of colour and *bien aise*. As we stepped from our trains we strolled on to a square whose sides were packed by foreign legion and pretty local girls in all the colours; at least, that was one's impression. The sun shone brilliantly down. Everyone roared the "Marseillaise." Tears in the officers' eyes. But that had been a joint picture all through. Just one discordant note at Sousse, when an Italian business man, heavily rosetted in the colours of France, ran out to the Anglo-Saxon correspondents and shouted that he, like thousands of his kind in Tunis, were heart and soul for France. He was gently advised to go a little more easily, if only for the (possible ultimate) sake of his own skin.

At Sousse said a French officer: "It must be the biggest personal success since Clemenceau," and one thinks he was right. This lightning tour should greatly enhance Daladier's position back in France, for almost every word he uttered was directed also to his own land which had to unite and work if she meant to hold what she had inherited, if she meant to win through. Certainly Daladier has held his plebiscite so far as Tunisia is concerned.

You have by this day read so much of Tunisia that I hesitate to add more. My impression is that Mussolini will not desist in his claim, and might in the last analysis go to war for it, unless compensated elsewhere. Can means be found to give him adequate representation on the Suez Board and should he be given the Jibuti railway, France being compensated for a system that is otherwise going to remain boycotted? Yet these two compensations may not be enough to buy the Duce off Tunis.

On the face of things, the Fascist claim is small indeed, resting chiefly on history, on the fact that when the French walked in, in 1881, fifteen times as many Italians were established locally as French. But, as the French say, why complain now because others were slippier than you were long ago? To which the Fascist answer is: "All right. We are the dynamic ones to-day, and you must take the consequences." It is untrue to say that the Italians here are being persecuted.

It would be senseless to pretend that the augurs here are good. What has happened is that we have attended at a French plebiscite *du cœur*, unmistakable in its deep sincerity, and that we have felt the French will if need be fight.

THE SAN JACINTO TUNNEL (Continued from page 84)

daily construction reports reveals that every day brought a new problem which affected every man on the job—all the way down, general superintendent, shaft superintendents, walkers, shifters, underground men and top men—each had his ingenuity and will power taxed by the unrelenting fight with the old man of the mountain.

Work went on in the tunnel 24 hours a day, 7 days a week, the two exceptions being Christmas and the Fourth of July.

Midday and midnight are the same underground, where electricity provides the only illumination for the pitch blackness which is never penetrated by the light of the sun. District safety regulations require all underground workers to wear "hard-boiled hats," or helmets, to protect their heads against falling rock fragments.

In addition to these "fighting tops," men working in wet sections are supplied by the District with firemen's heavy waterproof coats and rubber hip-boots.

This equipment is the finest that can be purchased, and yet constant replacements are necessary, due to the contact with sharp rock and pouring water.

In high pressure water, four to eight men may be required to change a drill steel. Holes at the bottom of the face must be drilled under water. Sticks of dynamite must be strapped to poles and the poles wedged in the drill holes so that the powder will stay in place long enough to be fired.

The greatest amount of water encountered at a working face was in East Potrero in the spring of 1938, where it reached a peak of 15,800 gallons per minute. Oddly enough, as though the old man of the mountain had found that even this didn't stop the crews, the heading almost immediately advanced into a dry section. So decided was this change that the front of the drill jumbo was completely dry, while the back end was being doused with 10,000 gallons of water per minute.

THE BLUE RIBAND OF THE NORTH PACIFIC (Continued from page 88)

merchant ships in Japan, having a designed speed of 19½ knots. The *Chichibu Maru*, practically a sister, followed them in 1930 and averaged 21·48 knots on trial. The advent of these ships, like the Italian record breakers on the Atlantic, made it necessary to work on average speed only in computing the record.

The *Empress of Japan* did the direct run from Yokohama to Victoria, British Columbia, in 7 days 20 hrs. 16 mins., which was an average of practically 22·4 knots, remarkably close to her trial speed for a run of well over 4,000 miles. The route followed by the Japanese from Yokohama to San Francisco, with its call at Honolulu, is nearly 5,500 miles and the *Asama Maru* did it in 12 days 9 hrs. 33 mins., reduced by 26 mins. by the *Chichibu Maru* next year at an average speed of just over 18·5 knots which stands as the San Francisco record.

The question of whether the Canadian Pacific will get any State aid at all, except a bare payment for services rendered in the carriage of mails, is a very open one, but in the connected service between Vancouver and Australia, where the British ships were meeting very heavily subsidised American competition, all the governments concerned agreed that the service was so valuable imperially that it ought to be subsidised, yet took so long making up their minds over the details that the cost of the proposed new ships had in the meantime gone up by no less than £1,000,000, so that the whole scheme was dropped. If the trans-Pacific service under the British flag is displaced from its premier position it will mean a very serious blow to British prestige, as well as a diminution of valuable imperial facilities in the event of war.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

Among the many recent admissions was Harry, age eleven. An illegitimate child, he had been brought up by his aged grandparents, until they felt unequal to the task. Harry wanted to be a sailor, and application was made for his admission to the Ship, but he is too young. In the meantime, he has been admitted to one of the Country Homes until he is old enough to be transferred to the Ship. The Rector, who recommended the case, writes: "There are few finer characters and few sounder brains than the grandfather, blind and deaf though he is, and Harry has had his mind sharpened and enlarged by his grandfather. An excellent bringing up the boy has had, for both grandparents are excellent examples of the best type of British working class, upright, honest, self-respecting, and industrious." Harry should make a fine sailor and go far. This great work is urgently in need of funds and donations. Will you please send donations to the Headquarters at 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2, from which address they will be gratefully acknowledged.

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WITH TEETH TO BITE THE ROAD

SPHERE TRAVEL BUREAU:
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CRUISING in EARLY SPRING

The Call of the Spanish Main : The Coming Mediterranean Season

TO CRUISE IN THE MIDDLE SEA: The C.P.R. liner *Empress of Australia*, a very popular ship with holidaymakers. She leaves Southampton for the Mediterranean on March 3

THE days are lengthening and the sun is creeping higher in the heavens. It is a good time to be thinking about the cruising prospects of the year, and it so happens that we are now passing through quite an active period in the cruising world with five well-known liners setting out on tours ranging from five to nearly eight weeks.

Among them is the C.P.R's "Round the World" cruise by the *Empress of Britain*, which sails eastward from Monaco to Palestine and Egypt and then to India and the Far East. Subsequently she goes to the Cape, South America, the West Indies, and the States, arriving back in these waters towards the end of May. Unless you like to intercept her by air the chance of joining her on this cruise has gone. Another C.P.R. liner, the *Empress of Australia*, leaves at the same time on a West Indian cruise.

There are still a few days left to make hurried plans to join the *Atlantis* (Royal Mail), leaving Southampton next Wednesday (January 25) afternoon for a delightful cruise in sunny seas. After a call at Las Palmas she has a run of over 2,600 miles to Barbados, a coral island full of colour and English to the tips of its sugar-canes—a most excellent introduction to the wonders of the Caribbean Sea—Trinidad and its lake of pitch, Grenada with a lake in the crater of an extinct volcano, Curaçao, which tickles the palate, the ancient and walled city of Cartagena, and Cristobal for the Panama Canal, are places of call on the way to Jamaica. The next stage is to Havana and Miami with a day at the Cayman Islands en route. I had something to say about this group, the centre of the turtle industry, quite recently. Virtually three days will be spent at Miami and then there are calls at the Bahamas, Puerto Rico, St. Lucia, St. Kitts and Antigua before re-crossing the Atlantic to Madeira and Southampton. It is an ideal itinerary for that part of the world.

The *Laconia* (Cunard White Star) leaving Liverpool next Thursday and Southampton on Saturday, substitutes Brazilian calls for some of the West Indian islands.

February is one of the quietest months for cruising, but there are two notable departures, both to the West Indies. The first of these is the *Voltaire* (Lamport and Holt). This steamer and the *Van Dyck* are well known in the cruising world. They are designed throughout for tropical service, and one of their special features is that there is a window or porthole in every room. The *Voltaire* will be away fifty-six days and will steam more than 15,000 miles. The cruise will also include a visit to Rio de Janeiro, one of the most beautiful harbours in the world, and Bahia—"Bay of all the Saints"—before going to Trinidad, Jamaica, and, by way of contrast, Cuba, now the playground of American tourists. The *Voltaire* will also see something of Miami life and then after a few hours at Puerto Rico turns homeward and calls at Madeira on the way.

A fortnight later the *Duchess of Atholl* (C.P.R.) leaves Liverpool on a thirty-five days' cruise with a call outwards at Las Palmas, and makes Trinidad the first objective in the West Indies. It is significant that most of the cruising liners include Trinidad in their itineraries and, of course, it is not because all their clients are interested in the asphalt industry and want to see that lake of pitch. There is a distinctive note about the island—not only is it in the tropics, but it seems to be a different world altogether. There are marked French and Spanish influences and even a Chinese element. It claims to be the most beautiful island in the world. Such statements are very sweeping, but it certainly succeeds in winning the affection of everybody who goes there. Kingston, Havana, Miami continue the itinerary and there is a call at Nassau on the coral strand of New Providence; thence to Madeira and the Mersey.

On left—
ENTHUSIASTIC FAREWELLS: Gay streamers provide the last link with friends lining the shore as the cruising liner leaves her home port

These two voyages really bring to a close the West Indian cruising season, but there is another class of travel in those waters which commands a place in this article. It is described as the happy medium between a popular cruise and a regular liner voyage. The ships are the great white passenger liners *Colombie* and *Cuba* of the French Line. During our winter months they will have made between them five round voyages each lasting forty days to the West Indies and ports of the Spanish Main. Three of these are yet to come. The *Colombie* sails from Southampton next Wednesday and again on March 25, the *Cuba* taking the voyage of February 25.

TAKING A BOAT DECK CONSTITUTIONAL: The after-breakfast stroll on a cruising liner

The first call is at Pointe-à-Pitre, the capital of the French island Guadeloupe, in the Lesser Antilles, noted for its beautiful tropical greenery. It is quite a good idea to make the excursion across the island to Basse Terre where the liner also calls. Another French island visited is rugged Martinique, where the gaping crater of Mont Pelé is a grim reminder of the devastation the city of St. Pierre suffered in 1902. Thence they go to Barbados and Trinidad and along the coast of mountainous Venezuela, calling at La Guaira. From that port an excursion should be made on a fine motor road through the Sierra Nevada mountains to the capital, Caracas. The next stop is at Curaçao, then Cartagena and Cristobal, the outward journey terminating at Port Limon, the port of the great banana trade with the United States and the United Kingdom. The homeward journey of these French liners adds two calls in Venezuela, Puerto Cabello and Carupano. You will notice that these voyages give opportunities of visiting places not generally adopted by our own cruising liners.

Belonging to the same category are the famous Amazon voyages of the Booth liners from Liverpool. The line operates all the year round but this is a particularly good time of year to make this journey

THE CATHEDRAL AT DAKAR: A West African port of call now used by a number of cruising liners

which leaves indelible memories. The lower reaches of the river are so wide that for many hours' sailing the banks cannot be discerned, but higher up when the river narrows the luxuriant tangle of greenery practically unites over the waters. The steamers call at modern Para, known as the "key of the Amazon," and then go up the river to Manaos, the very heart of Brazil. The next sailing is by the *Hilary* on February 16 and the *Anselm* leaves on March 28. On this side they call at Oporto, Lisbon and Madeira and the round voyage occupies seven weeks.

The West Indian cruises really belong to the winter programme. Let us now look ahead to the plans of the companies for the coming spring and summer. They are working on the assumption that the interest in cruising is not waning. They are right, and if the anticipation that Europe will become less jangled as the weeks go by is realised, I think we shall see quite a wave of enthusiasm for these holidays afloat. The cruise programme announces plans right on to next Christmas and, of course, June, July, and August are the busiest

(*Continued on page* 110)

This England . . .

Tintagel—Cornwall

A Cornish tale has it that King Arthur's spirit still haunts the ruins in the sailing body of a chough. For this is the most ghostly castle in our land, more steeped in ancient legend than Stonehenge—and there is nothing of it! Some crumbled masonry above the hungry waves, rabbits upon the close-cropped turf that carpets now the roofless halls. Yet shall you not be disappointed lingering here, whence comes the rich tapestry of our knightly past, woven of stirring deeds and dark fierce loves, of wonder and sorrow and wild strangeness. Something is given you, you know not what; tradition has brushed you with a phantom wing, leaving you more captive still of the old ways of England, of truth and honesty in men, of the good old things the English love . . . such as your Worthington, begotten of the very soil and still made in the ancient, honest way.

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CRUISING IN EARLY SPRING:

(Continued from page 108)

months. During that period the Baltic and the Norwegian coast come into the itineraries. Until then, however, the Mediterranean and the Atlantic Isles claim most attention. Cooks issue a very comprehensive handbook of cruises which may be had for the asking. It gives the essential details of each cruise and it is very convenient when making your choice to have the whole range of possibilities before you. Fuller details of any of the cruises may be had at their offices and they will book your cabins and see to all arrangements.

Courtesy Royal Mail Line

PISA—THE OLD ANGLE FROM A NEW ASPECT: The famous leaning tower viewed through an ancient gateway

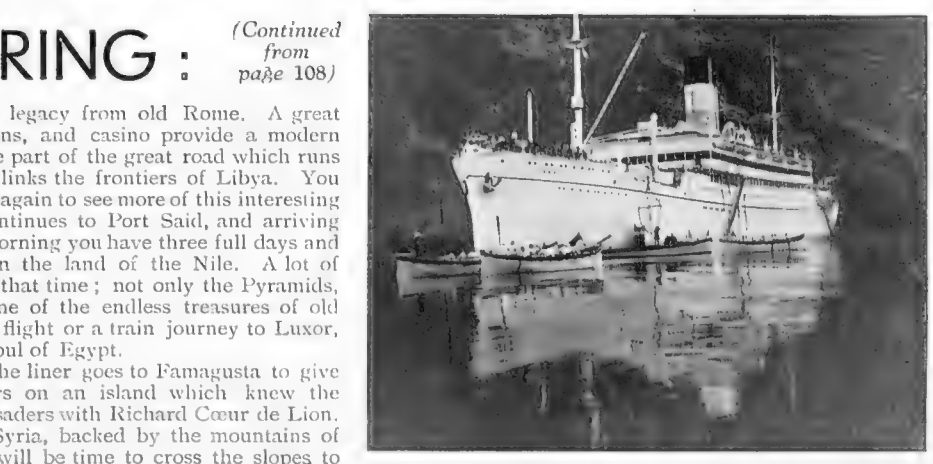
One of the earliest Mediterranean cruises is by the 48,000-ton Italian liner *Conte di Savoia*, which sails from Genoa on February 16, and there will probably be quite a number of passengers from this country. The overland journey to Genoa is not a serious matter; it gives you the opportunity of putting in a few days either before the cruise or after, on the Italian Riviera. The liner carries two classes, first and tourist. She makes a call at Naples and then goes to Greece, Turkey, the Levant, Egypt, and Malta, so you may see a deal in three weeks and a day—the duration of the cruise. Another Italian liner, *Saturnia*, sails from Cannes a fortnight later, and her cruise of thirty-one days adds Adriatic ports to the itinerary.

The first visit of a British cruising liner to the Mediterranean will be that of the *Empress of Australia* (C.P.R.), which leaves Southampton on March 3, and after a call at Cherbourg she makes for Algiers, a very picturesque introduction to the waters of history. She then moves on to Tripoli, where there are striking evidences of Italian enterprise in a city of Islam which has inherited a rich legacy from old Rome. A great sea esplanade, gardens, and casino provide a modern note, and you will see part of the great road which runs along the coast and links the frontiers of Libya. You will be tempted to go again to see more of this interesting land. The cruise continues to Port Said, and arriving early on a Monday morning you have three full days and most of the fourth in the land of the Nile. A lot of Egypt can be seen in that time; not only the Pyramids, the Sphinx, and some of the endless treasures of old Cairo, but perhaps a flight or a train journey to Luxor, the seat of the very soul of Egypt.

From Port Said the liner goes to Famagusta to give travellers some hours on an island which knew the ancients and the Crusaders with Richard Cœur de Lion. Next, to Beirut, in Syria, backed by the mountains of Lebanon, and there will be time to cross the slopes to Baalbek, once the centre of worship of the god Baal, or even Damascus, 70 miles from the coast, the "oldest city in the world," which is said to have changed little since the time of Abraham. Next comes part of a day at Rhodes, sentinel of the Ægean, and then to the Golden Horn. You have two and a half days in the Turkish capital and afterwards a call at Athens.

A day or so later the scene has changed again and you are in the picturesque little port of Catania with snow-capped Etna in the background. There is time to go to Taormina, at the foot of the giant, and one of the loveliest gems of Italy. With this scenery in your mind you may make a comparison the next morning with the famous Bay of Naples, and there the last night ashore is spent. Five days' steaming and the liner is back at Southampton with only a few days to prepare for her Easter cruise when she will again visit Naples and Catania.

In the meantime, the *Duchess of Atholl* will be on a cruise to Madeira, Casablanca, and Lisbon. She sails from Liverpool on March 31 and will be away eleven days. By the way, the C.P.R. preliminary programme of "Mont" cruises is announced. They cover the period from May 27 to well on into October, but more about those in a later article.



FJORDLAND REFLECTIONS: The Lamport and Holt liner *Vandyck*—a favourite with cruising holidaymakers—seen at anchor during a northern cruise in summer

A CANOEIST IN AMAZONIAN WATERS: A glimpse of native life viewed from the deck of a Booth liner. The company's steamers *Hilary* and *Anselm* maintain this excellent service which takes the traveller right into the heart of Brazil

Both *Voltaire* and *Vandyck* will be cruising at Easter, the former bound for Gibraltar, Villefranche, Naples, Capri and Lisbon and the latter for Casablanca and the Atlantic Isles. Each cruise will occupy 18 days. The *Atlantis* will also be at sea during the holiday but on her way back from the West Coast of Africa, Madeira and Lisbon. Her sailing date is March 25 from Southampton.

The Orient liners do not start cruising until later in the year. The provisional list of cruises is very attractive. Carrying first class only, the *Orcades* and *Orion* will go to the Mediterranean in the spring, early summer and late summer, and during the summer months both will cruise in the Baltic and Norwegian fjords. Carrying two classes, the *Orford* will go to the Atlantic Isles twice and the Mediterranean between June, the latter part of June and the end of September. I shall have opportunities later on of saying more about them.

Beverley Brooke

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"Vandyck" from Liverpool to Canary Is., calling at Casablanca, Teneriffe, Santa Cruz de la Palma, Madeira, Lisbon. **18 days from 25 gns.**

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WINTER *(Dec.-Feb.)*	52.77	58.98	46.54	90.77	526.09	55.7
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In Quest of Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

Bournemouth and Harrogate for the Winter Months: The Former Has Climatic Appeal, the Latter is the North's Social Centre

CHRISTMAS and the New Year are well behind us, and from now on starts an almost imperceptible but none the less important wave of holidays. Important, because holidays at this time of year are increasing in number—and very properly so, as I have often argued in these columns. Important also, because at this time of year you will find many of the more favoured of our holiday resorts especially delightful. Imperceptible in this sense, that the population of the big cities is, in these early months of the year, almost undiminished. This means that travel is comfortable, and that at the end of your journey you will find in the place of your choice sufficient company to prevent you feeling lonely and sufficient space in which to move and have your being, unhampered by the exigencies of a crowd.

What shall be the place of our choice this week? Two places I have in mind, both of them famous in their different ways, one already among our most popular winter resorts—Bournemouth and Harrogate. An oddly-assorted couple, you may say, and yet one's choice of a place to visit—especially in the winter months—depends so much upon the accommodation to be found on arrival. And in both these places are hotels where winter must be counted a blessing.

In Bournemouth you will perhaps find it hard to believe that winter is here at all, for the climate is mild, the sun is bright, the air is soft, and above all, most of the foliage is evergreen. So that Bournemouth's appearance changes little from season to season, and, as you might expect, her hotels are ever open with a smiling welcome to those who appreciate winter comfort.

In the Tollard Royal Hotel, high on the West Cliff, you will find everything that the most critical student of comfort can desire; and you will find winter sunshine here in no ordinary sense. For the directors of this hotel believe that people come to the seaside to benefit from sea air and sunshine, and they believe in including in their terms what I may literally describe as a water-tight insurance against bad weather. For, on the roof of the Tollard Royal is what I believe to be the only solarium of its kind in the world. Here, in a vita-glass pent-house which captures every ray of the natural sun, artificial ultra-violet rays are waiting as King Sol's instant understudy, should he be indisposed. And if a wintry breeze makes it uncomfortable to fling the windows wide, ozone is also produced artificially.

A winter visit to the Tollard Royal will certainly send you back to your work tanned and fit, to the envy of your less fortunate friends.

Farther west, in its unique position on the edge of Canford cliffs, stands Canford Cliffs Hotel—an hotel of which, in a way, there is little to say. For large numbers of experienced critics, both inside the hotel business and out of it, consider Canford Cliffs to be the most delightful seaside hotel in England. I am not prepared to commit myself to any such judgment of Paris, but I *will* say this. That, once you enter its hospitable doors, you will know no care and no discomfort until the bitter moment when you have to leave.

Canford Cliffs is famous for food, and it is one of the comparatively few of the first-class hotels in Bournemouth which is fully licensed. Everything in this hotel, from cellar to attic, is first-class and designed to make a lasting appeal to people who really appreciate luxurious good taste.

Away from the sea and yet in a particularly strategic position stands Bourne Hall—a position which, as I always think of it, is within a penny bus ride of anywhere in Bournemouth. This is a feature by no means to be despised in winter time. And yet, in a sense, it seems almost superfluous to advise you to pay a visit here. For, as with so many of my favoured places, I am loath to have them overcrowded. As it is, anyone who visits Bourne Hall in winter is almost certain to return there again and again, and the party of visitors who assemble there each year under the genial supervision of Mr. and Mrs. Bray, its proprietors, form a background to a really homely winter holiday which is unsurpassed. Homely, I must add, in the best sense of the word, for Bourne Hall is a first-class hotel with close on a hundred bedrooms.

And now, let us leap 300 miles northwards to Harrogate, a place which is by many people strangely neglected in the winter. Here you will not, it is true, find pine trees and the almost semi-tropical charms of Bournemouth. But you *will* find crisp, bracing air, white hoar-frost sparkling on the grass when you wake up in the morning, sunshine and air which bring you to the close of the day with a prodigious appetite and the prospect of sound sleep before you.

Harrogate at all times of the year is one of the great social centres of the north. Concerts, music, theatres and cinemas contrive to entertain you.

There are, of course, the famous baths, and in the proper months there is, close at hand, some of the best hunting in England.

An hotel which I particularly have in mind for a holiday this month or next is the Cairn Hydro. Five-star in everything except price, situated to be within a minute or two's walk of all the attractions of the town, it is yet within five minutes' walk of golf and the moors. You will find it warm and hospitable in winter, and at all times you will find bridge and plenty of life and entertainment.

Do not avoid Harrogate in winter because I have used the words "frost" and "moor." You will find that Dame Nature and the local hoteliers contrive to make this ever-lively place one of the real "snips" among winter holidays.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, *32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Personal and telephone inquiries, however, cannot be accepted.*

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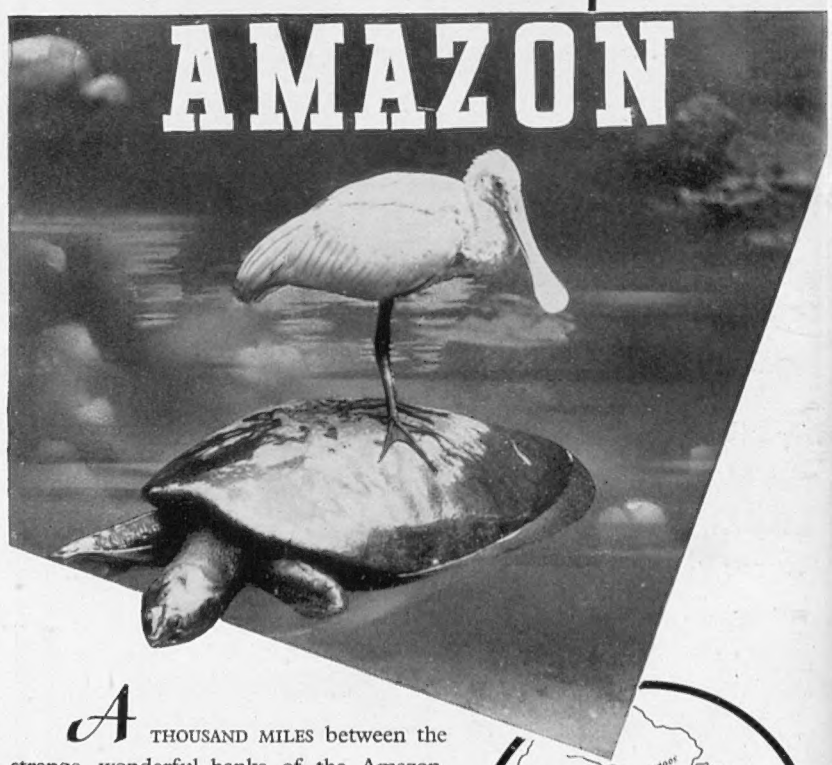

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The majority of these hotels are personally known to our Hotel Correspondent, Mr. Ashley Courtenay, who will be pleased to give further details regarding them to readers who write to him, c/o "The Sphere."

ENGLAND

Abingdon.—Crown and Thistle (Oxford, 6 miles)
Aldeburgh.—Wentworth Hotel. Tel. 312 & 313.
Arundel.—Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 3245.
Barton Mills (Nr. Bury St. Edmunds).—Bull Inn.
Bath.—The Empire.
Bath.—Lansdown Grove Hotel.
Bath.—Pulteney Hotel. Tel. 3281, 3282, 3283.

ENGLAND—*continued*

Blackpool.—The Metropole.
Blackpool.—The Headlands. A.A. and R.A.C.
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5
Bournemouth.—Canford Cliffs Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Tollard Royal Hotel.
Bray-on-Thames.—Hinds Head Hotel.
Brighton (Rottingdean).—Tudor Close Hotel.

THE SPHERE REGISTER OF HOTELS—*continued.*

ENGLAND—*continued*

Brighton (Saltdean).—Ocean Hotel.
Bromley.—Sundridge Park Hotel.
Bushey.—Bushey Hall Hotel.
Cambridge.—Blue Boar Hotel. Tel. 3030.
Canterbury.—The County Hotel.
Chipping Campden.—Cotswold House Hotel.
Dorchester (Dorset).—Antelope Hotel. Tel. 1.
Dulverton.—Carnarvon Arms.
Dulverton (Som.)—Woodcote Hotel. Tel. 129.
Exeter.—Royal Clarence Hotel.
Folkestone.—Princes Hotel. Telephone 2666.
Folkestone.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 2219.
Goring-on-Thames.—The Bull. Tel. Goring 57.
Hailsham (Sussex).—Woodside Hotel. Tel. 57.
Harrogate.—The Cairn Hydro. Tel. 4005.
Harrogate.—Granby Hotel. Tel. 3046.
Harrogate.—Prospect Hotel.**** Tel. 3015.
Hastings.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 201.
Hove.—Dudley Hotel. Completely modernised.
Leatherhead.—The Red House Hotel.
Lyme Regis.—Hotel Alexandra. Tel. 10.
Lynton.—Lee Abbey Hotel.
Marlborough (Wilts.).—Ailesbury Arms Hotel.
Newquay.—Headland Hotel. Tel. Newquay 2211.
Oxford.—Mitre Hotel. Tel. 2335 and 3840.
Oxford.—Randolph Hotel. Tel. 2251 (2 lines).
Ramsgate.—The Granville.
Ruan-High-Lanes (S. C'nwall).—Pendower Htl.
Salisbury.—Old George Hotel. Tel. 3189.
Sanderstead (Surrey).—Selsdon Park Hotel.
Scarborough.—The Grand. 'Phone: 1053.
Sidmouth.—Fortfield Hotel.
Sidmouth.—The Royal Glen Hotel. Phone: 221
Sidmouth.—Torbay View Private Hotel.
Stow-on-the-Wold.—Talbot Hotel.
Stratford-on-Avon.—The Arden Hotel.
Taunton (Somerset).—Castle Hotel. Tel. 2671.
Torquay.—Palace Hotel. Tel. 2271.
Torquay.—Grand Hotel.
Torquay.—Headland Hotel.
Torquay.—Roslin Hall Hotel. Tel. 4373 (2 lines)
Torquay.—Templestowe Hotel. Tel. 235811.
Torquay.—The Torquay Hydro Hotel. Tel. 2207.
Torquay.—Lincombe Hall.
Torquay.—Palm Court Hotel.
Torquay.—Vernon Court Hotel. Tel. 2676.
Twyford (Berks).—Grove Hall Hotel. Tel. 106.
West Wickham (Kent).—Wickham Court Hotel.
Weymouth.—Royal Hotel. Tels. 627 & 628.
Worthing.—Greystoke Private Hotel. Tel. 991.

GREAT NORTH ROAD

(Figures in brackets show mileage from London)

Catterick (229).—Bridge House Hotel.

ENGLISH LAKES

Keswick.—Armathwaite Hall Hotel.
Keswick.—Queen's Hotel.
Keswick.—Borrowdale Hotel. Borrowdale 24.
Keswick.—Royal Oak Hotel.

LONDON

Ambassadors Hotel, W.C.1. Tel. Euston 1456.
Bailey's Hotel, Gloucester Road, S.W.7.
Hans Crescent Hotel, Knightsbridge, S.W.1.
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S.Kensington Htl., Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7.
Thackeray Hotel, opposite the British Museum.
The Goring Hotel, Grosvenor Gardens, S.W.1.
Whitcness Hotel, Queen's Gardens, W.2.

SCOTLAND

Ballater (Deeside).—Cambus O'May Hotel.
Edinburgh.—The Alison Hotel. Tel. 31295.
Edinburgh.—New Carlton Hotel.
Galloway.—Southwick House. Tel. Southwick 7.
Perthshire.—Trossachs Hotel, Loch Katrine.
Perth.—Station Hotel.
Pitlochry.—Atholl Palace Hotel.
Strauraer.—Auld King's Arms.
Tomintoul (Banffshire).—Richmond Arms Htl.

CHANNEL ISLANDS

Jersey.—St. Brelade's Bay Hotel

WALES

Abergele.—Kinmel Hall.
Anglesey.—Wern Llanddona. Tel. Beaumaris 77.
Llangollen.—The Hand Hotel.

NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.
Belfast.—Midland Station Hotel (LMS-NCC).
Rostrevor.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.

EIRE

Dun Laoghaire (Kingstown).—Ross's Hotel.
Glendalough (Co. Wicklow).—Royal Hotel.
Greenore.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.
Greystones (Co. Wicklow).—Grand Hotel.
Kingstown (Co. Dublin).—Royal Marine Hotel.

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